THE BYSTANDER JUNE 13TH 1928.

The BYSTANDER

SUMMER NUMBER

1/-

Teeth so white YET... 4 out of 5 get Pyorrhœa

SEEMINGLY safe with teeth so white, 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, find themselves victims of Pyorrhœa.

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Every morning and every night, brush your teeth with Forhan's For the Gums.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives it quickly restores teeth to their natural whiteness and protects them against acids which cause decay.

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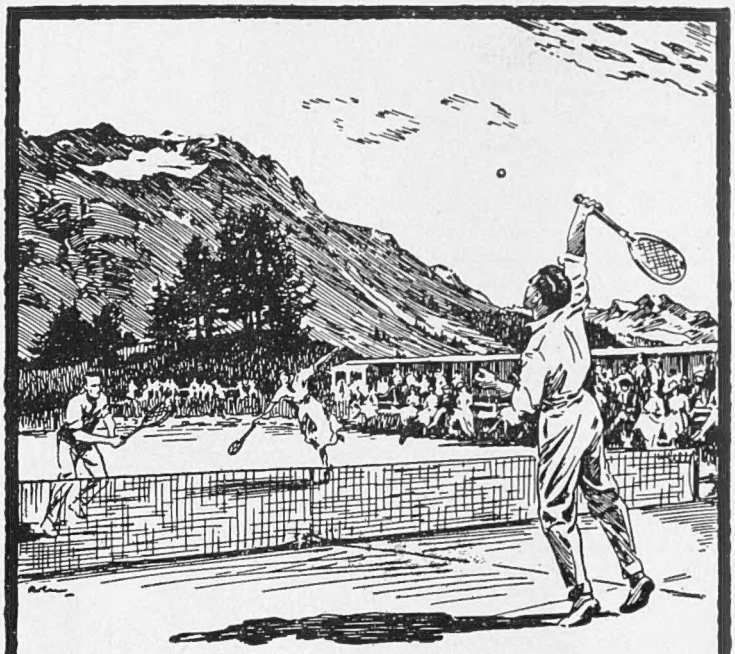

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The Bystander, June 13, 1928 No. 1278. Vol. XCVIII

SUMMER No. PLUS ALL USUAL FEATURES

The BYSTANDER

BY MARGARET BRADLEY

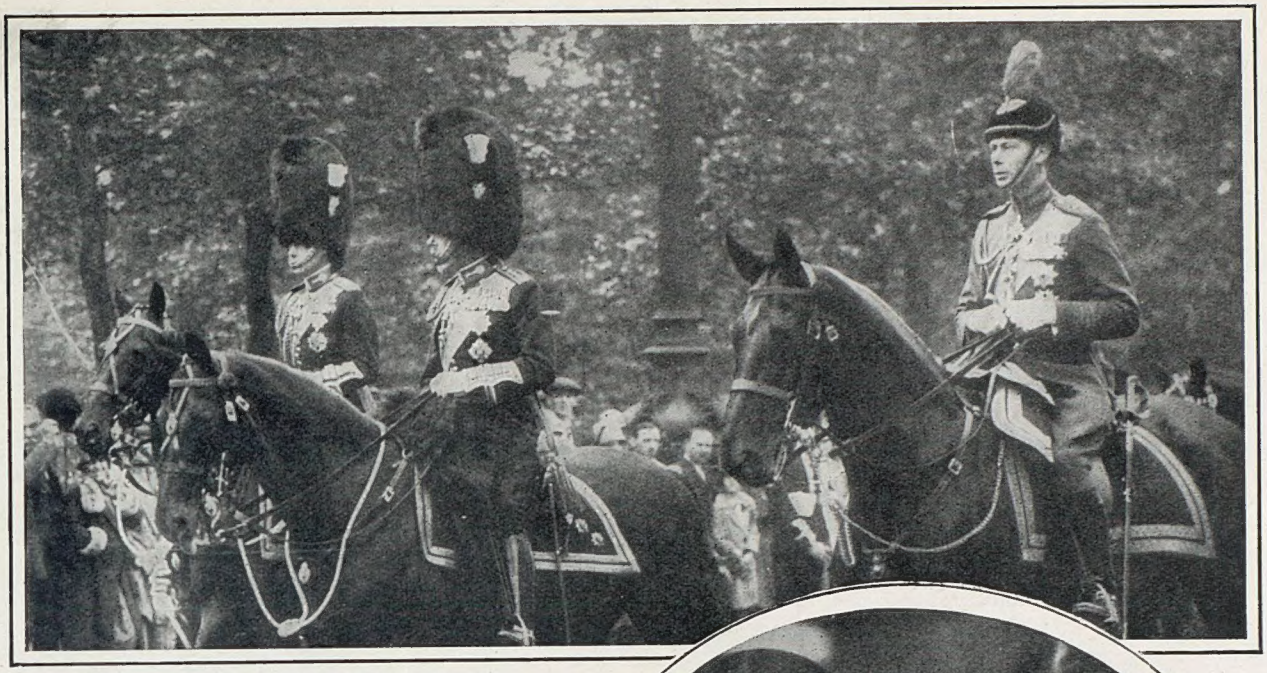
THE CALL OF THE SEA

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. H. HARRIS

FAMOUS GOLFERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT: No. 14—ABE MITCHELL

A giant of the game whose name crops up in conversation sooner or later wherever two or three golfers are gathered together. He is seen making a characteristic finish with his much discussed short "follow-through"

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.



IN HONOUR OF A ROYAL BIRTHDAY

His Majesty the King photographed arriving for the Trooping of the Colour. With him are the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. His Majesty is wearing the uniform of the Colonel of the Welsh Guards, whose Colour was Trooped for the first time

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photographs *Quick Pictures*

AT THE TROOPING

The Duchess of York and Prince George photographed on their way to the Trooping of the Colour. Large crowds witnessed this glittering and impressive ceremony

Derby Day Dinners

Lord and Lady Derby's mourning for their only daughter, Lady Victoria Bullock, whose death in the hunting field was the saddest of many hunting tragedies of recent years, prevented Lady Derby being the Queen's hostess at dinner on Derby night.

Following King Edward's example, both as King and Prince of Wales, the King entertains the members of the Jockey Club to dinner at Buckingham Palace on the night of the great race. It is entirely a man's party. On Derby night Queen Alexandra always used to dine with the late Duchess of Devonshire at Devonshire House, King Edward and his guests going on there from the Palace after their dinner.

Queen Mary for many years has dined with the Countess of Derby at Derby House in Stratford Place, the King and his guests joining the party later. But this year, because of the Derby mourning, the Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward had the honour of entertaining the Queen at Dudley House in Park Lane.

The Red Rose

Sir John Ward is the eldest of the Earl of Dudley's three brothers. Twenty years ago he married the only daughter of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the then American Ambassador in London. Mr. Reid's wedding gifts to his daughter and her husband were princely, including Dudley House, the former Town house of Sir John's parents, and Chilton Lodge, near Hungerford, in Berkshire, an estate which gives an average bag of 5,000 head of game a year. At that time Chilton had been bought by Lord Faringdon—then Sir Alexander Henderson—but the Whitelaw Reids had set their hearts so keenly on giving the property to the bridal couple that he sold it to them.

The King has been to Chilton on more than one occasion for shooting, and each time the town of Hungerford has carried out an old custom which dates back to the days of Edward III. This is the presentation of a red rose. Hungerford belonged to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, one of Edward III's sons. Charters touching grazing and fishing which he granted still confer grazing and fishing rights on the people of Hungerford. And it is as Duke of Lancaster, not as King, that His Majesty is presented with the red rose whenever he goes to Hungerford. Sir John Ward is an extra equerry to King George.

Ascot Lettings

Our Government, our police, and the rest of the other authorities who all tell you what you have to pay

(*Continued on page* 510)

Q.P.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Brit. Illus.

MISS CAMPBELL AND LORD DUNGLASS

G.P.U.

FELSTEAD PASSING THE WINNING POST

A Sunny Derby Day at Last!

Photopress

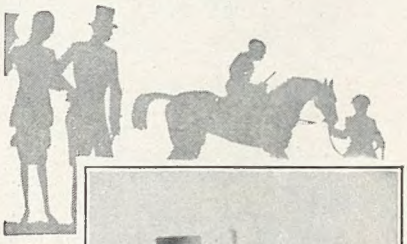
SIR JOHN AND LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

Topical

MME. JACQUES BALSAN AND HER SON, LORD BLANDFORD

Sport and General

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DALKEITH



Alfieri

LADY ALLENDALE AND SIR HUGH SEELY

Photopress

LADY ZIA WERNHER AND COUNT MICHAEL TORBY

Photopress

LORD AND LADY WODEHOUSE

Alfieri

LORD AND LADY WHARNCLIFFE

P. and A.

PRINCE GUSTAVUS AND PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN
PRINCESS MARY AND LORD LASCELLES

Central News

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Central News

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

I.B.

CAPT. AND MRS. R. DU PRÉ

Sport and General

THE HON. EDWARD AND MRS. PORTMAN

Topical

THE HON. DIANA ALLSOPP AND THE HON. GEORGE BAILLIE

Central Press

LEADING IN FELSTEAD (H. WRAGG UP)

Topical

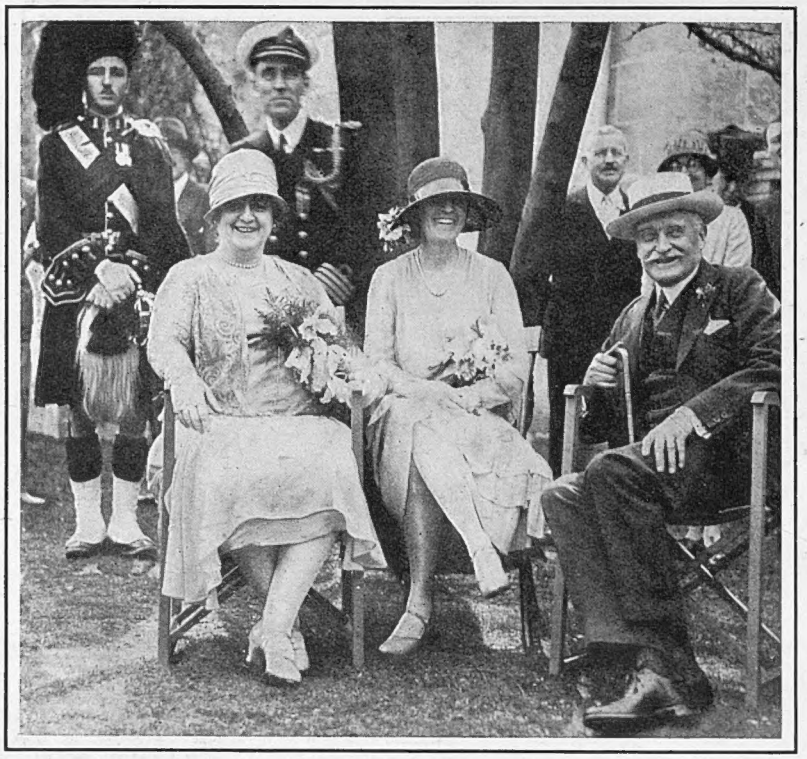
THE HON. MRS. BARBARA JENKINSON AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN LOWTHER

Topical

LADY BRECKNOCK AND MR. MENZIES

Topical

SIR VICTOR AND LADY WARRENDER



AN EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATION *Topical*

Sir Esmé Howard, British Ambassador at Washington, was the guest of honour at a reception held on Empire Day at Glen Head, L.I., the estate of Mr. Samuel Agar Salvage, President of the St. George's Society. The photograph shows Lady Armstrong (left), Mrs. Samuel Salvage, and Sir Esmé Howard

(*Continued from page 507*)

in taxes and what you mustn't do are so busy disciplining us that I'm sure one, or all of them, will rise up one day and say that the hectic excitement of the Derby, coming so closely on the hectic excitement of Ascot, is bad for the national *morale*. And Dora will decree that the Derby shall be run in February and Ascot take place in November. That's all against the rules of racing. But isn't it just what Dora would do—if she dared?

Well, praise the pigs and little fishes, Dora has not interfered with the Derby or with Ascot this year. Houses in the Ascot neighbourhood, I hear, have let better than for several years past.

A Memorial Dinner

As a means of keeping fresh the memory of a great sportsman the annual Derby Dinner at the Ambassador Club is an undoubted success. This Derby function was founded by the late Col. Walter Faber, and is now held yearly in his memory. This year's dinner was presided over by Major-Gen. the Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely, and well known figures in the political and sporting world were there in large numbers.

Early St. Moritz Days

I find Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's reminiscences, *Day in, Day Out* (The Bodley Head: 12*s.* 6*d.*), the most vivid and attractive book of memoirs published these many years past. I can only skip through its many interests.

To begin with, Mrs. Le Blond is descended from the Dutch Bentincks, and is nearly related to the Duke of Portland.

When a young girl she married Colonel Burnaby, a gallant soldier whom Queen Elizabeth would have covered with honours, but of whom the Victorians were mortally afraid. After Colonel Burnaby's death at Abou Klea his widow went to St. Moritz—then unknown—and saw the beginning of the construction of the Cresta Run by its originator, Major Bulpett. She was one of the first women to make Alpine ascents in winter. Ski-ing was unknown in Switzerland in those days. Mrs. Le Blond did her winter climbing in Canadian snow-shoes and the native *raquettes*. Skies, she tells us, were introduced to St. Moritz by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who brought a pair from Norway to Davos, and thence to St. Moritz.

Of Your Charity

Here are three important dates for your help and your diversion. On Wednesday, June 20, there will be a supper-cabaret-ball at Great Fosters, Egham, the beautiful sixteenth-century moated house which the Hon. Gerald Montagu, Lord Swaythling's uncle, has turned into an hotel. The Prince of Wales will be there, and many of the people staying in the neighbourhood for Ascot. The ball is in aid of King Edward VII Hospital at Windsor, which suffered so badly from a fire recently. The tickets are two guineas.

From a portrait by Mary MacLeod

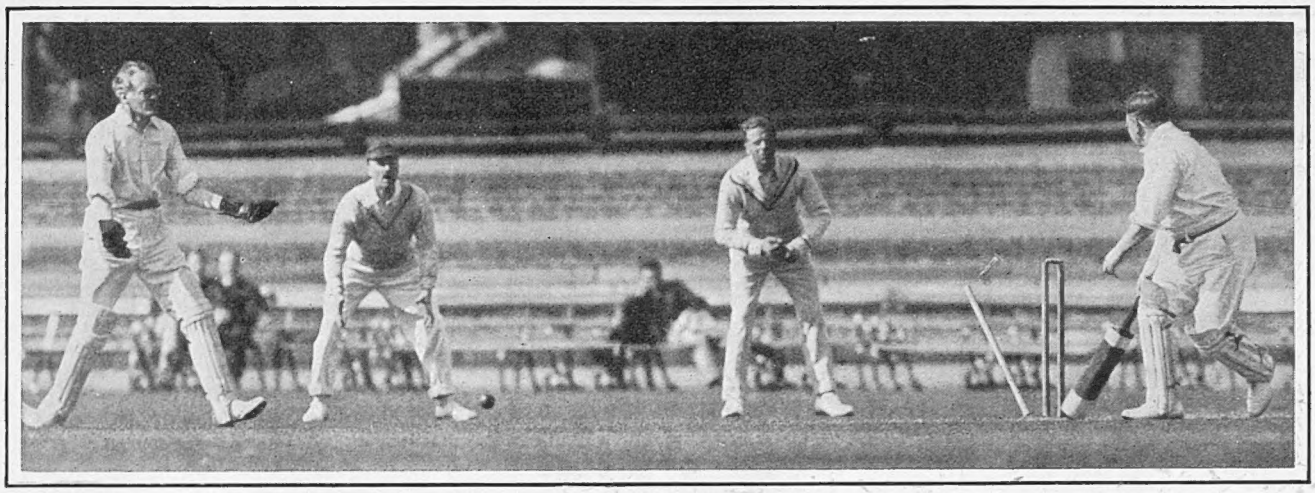
MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND

Who recently published a book of reminiscences of unusual interest. She was one of the first women to make Alpine ascents in winter

Sport and General

GOLF IN SURREY

The combined teams of the Stage Ladies and West Hill Ladies photographed on the occasion of their recent golf meeting. The match was played off over the West Hill course at Brookwood.



Central News

"WELL BOWLED!"

A remarkable photograph of a falling wicket, taken during the recent cricket match between the House of Commons and the House of Commons Staff. The match ended in a draw, the House of Commons just failing to force a win

Then, on June 25, Mr. John McCormack is giving his only recital in London this season at the Albert Hall, and is most generously giving the proceeds to Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital (National Mother-Saving Campaign).

Two days later, on the 27th, there is the annual Children's Garden Party at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, from three to six o'clock, in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Centre of the Royal Free Hospital. Amongst the many attractions are the members of the Magic Circle, who recently were commanded to appear before the King and Queen, and there will be heaps of other amusements for the young people. Tickets may be had from the secretary, S.W.H.A., 24, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1.

The Oriental Ball

THE Oriental Ball given at Claridge's in aid of St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden, was a brilliant success, some of the costumes being of outstanding originality. There was a parade of the dresses, Miss Sophie Tucker afterwards presenting the prizes. The Duchess of Sutherland received the guests, and amongst the large number of people present were the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Lady Decies, the Duchess of Grafton, Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, Lord Ronaldshay, and Lord Waring.

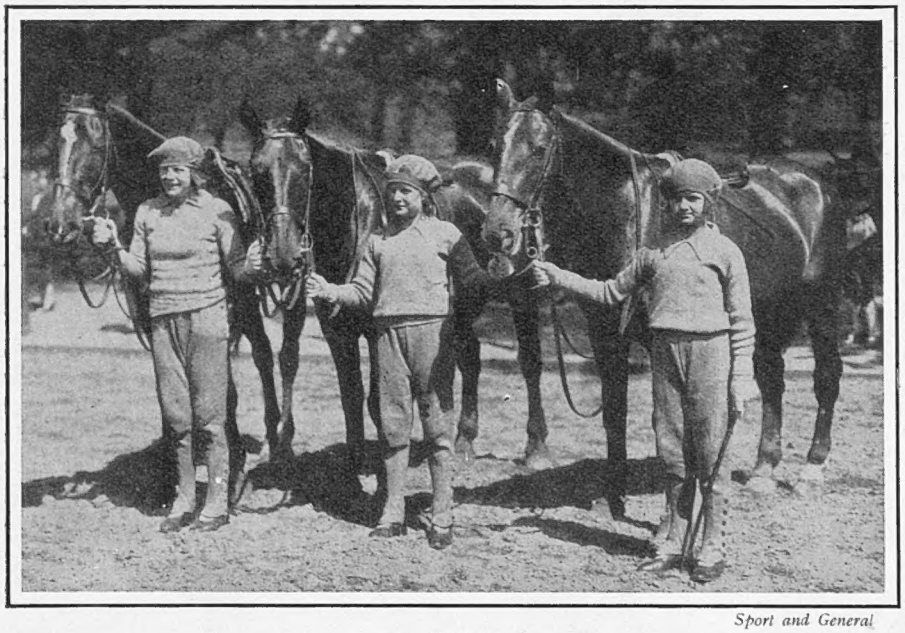
A Versatile Artist

WHEN I had an opportunity the other day of seeing the pictures which Miss Helen McKie is to exhibit at Walker's Galleries, New Bond Street, from June 19 until July 2, I was struck by the strength and versatility which are so apparent in this artist's work. Miss McKie's drawings in this paper are familiar to you all; in the exhibition she is confining herself mostly to studies in water-colour and black-and-white of architecture and soldiers, with one or two portraits. The water-colours are exquisite in their delicate colouring, and I was particularly pleased with her painting of the Via Bastione at Bordighera. Her studies of soldiers provide a gay splash of colour. In the black-and-white section "Crossing Fifth Avenue" is very striking, and an effective contrast is a beautiful little study of old houses at Rouen. Drawings of Cobham Hall and the Porta Capuana at Naples are examples of Miss McKie's artistry with the pencil.

British Illus.

AT A RECENT BALL

Miss M. Ffennel, Mr. G. Lambert and Miss Ffennel photographed at the recent Oriental Ball. This was held at Claridge's in aid of St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden

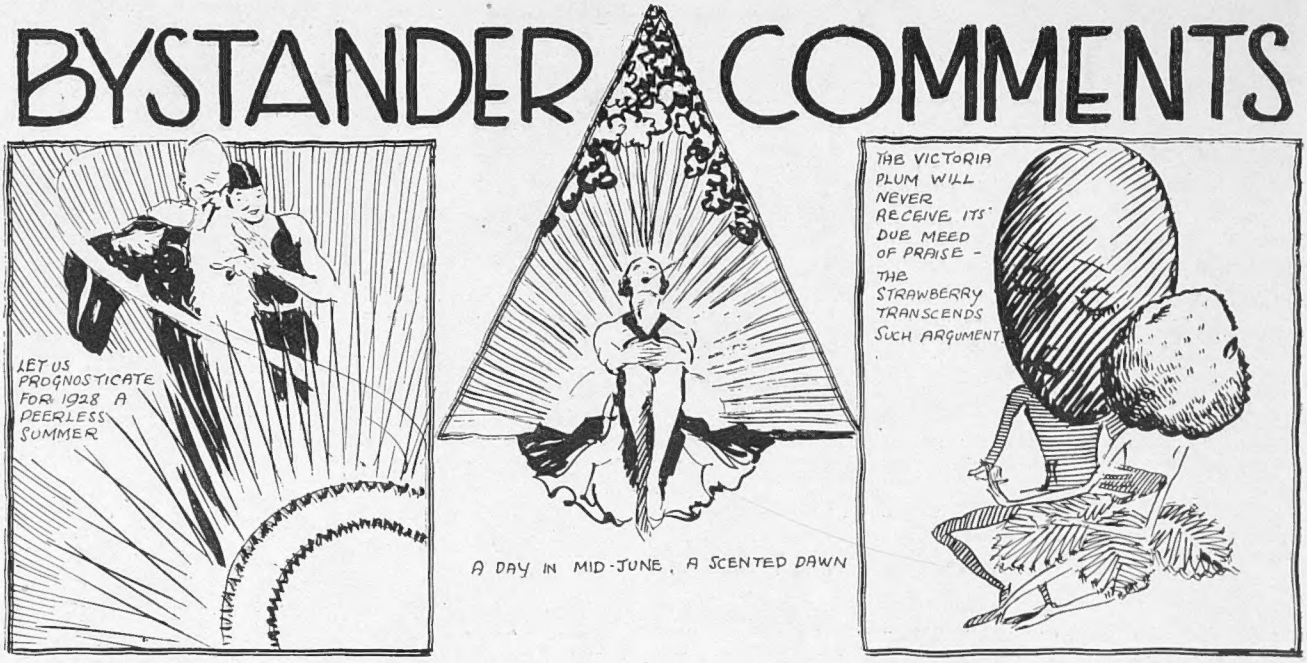


Sport and General

IN THE ROW

The Hon. Lydia, the Hon. Denise and the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller, photographed on a sunny morning in the Row. They are Lord Churston's three youngest daughters

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

News Summery

Let us prophesy. And let us, of course, be prophets of good and not of evil. Let us prognosticate for 1928 a peerless summer, a summer worthy in every way of the Summer Number with which The Bystander now presents you. If summers had any sense of responsibility, if they realised it was their duty to live up to the standards set by the industrious and high-minded producers of summer numbers, this England of ours would be a better, nobler place to live in.

The Spirit of Prophecy

So let us say, without exact meteorological information, that we shall have a lovely and gracious summer. Heaven gave us a golden Whit. The sun has behaved well quite often. Sweaters have been discarded. Wickets have been hard baked. County teams of quite modest attainments have knocked up their four hundreds in a pleasantly perky manner. So far has been so good. Let us promise definitely that the good work will continue. If it does, we are truthful prophets. If it does not, we have done our gallant best. As for the pessimistic prophet, his pessimistic prophecies may come true to the letter, but no one loves him for it. Come, then, glorious summer!

Give Me One Day

A day in mid-June, a scented dawn;
Sunbeams dappling a velvet lawn;
Borders a-glowing with every hue,
Lark-song all golden, high in the blue;
Leaves lightly rustled by soft Southern breeze;
Slow-swinging hammock 'twixt tall apple trees,
Where I am left to my own sweet devices——
A book (or p'raps not) and some strawberry ices;
Give such a day, of all June days the best,
Its magic alone will make up for the rest.

The Best Berry

Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did!" You either agree with Dr. Boteler or you don't; that is to say, you agree or disagree with conviction, possibly with ferocity. But surely all right-thinking people are pro-Strawberry. The man who has no love for strawberries and cream in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. Let no such man be trusted.

A Fair Test

The strawberry stands what I imagine to be a pretty fair test. We do not like it because it is expensive. This is undoubtedly the reason why certain fruits are desired. I have a common or garden Victoria plum tree in my garden which bears fruit ten times as delicious as any exotic peach or pineapple. But until some blight (which heaven forbid!) destroys the majority of the trees and makes Victoria plums as rare as mangoes in Manchester, that plum will never receive its due meed of praise. The strawberry transcends such argument.

The King of Fruit

Though in close-season times millionaires sometimes buy strawberries at seventeen and sixpence each (or something like that), I imagine that those strawberries are not at their best. Indeed, I am sure they are not. Strawberries are at their glorious best when they are well within the unassuming means of nice people—that is to say, of you and me and all right-thinking people. Let them be large, but not too large. I do not mind what kind of cream-jugs you use so long as the cream is the real thing. Heaven bless you . . . and will you please pass the sugar-sifter?

Should Women ?

"SHOULD Women," asks a conspicuous headline in my morning paper, "Run 26 Miles?" The answer is: Yes, certainly, so long as they don't bother me. That is the correct answer to all questions as to whether women should do whatever some particularly clever (or idiotic) woman happens to have done the day before. What annoys me is that a woman's lightest action is considered to be a topic for the Press of the nation. Scarcely a day goes by but some writer must have his lengthy say about it. Let her do it, but with less fuss.

Should a Man ?

IT seems a crime that while the papers are full of Woman as Woman, no one cares about Man as Man. A woman's education, emotions, stockings, short skirts, morals and what not are assumed in the Press to be of paramount importance, but no one writes anything about man. The Bishop of Bumbledon writes: "The silk stockings and short skirts of the modern girl proclaim her a selfish creature, unworthy of the ideals of womanhood." He never says: "The plus-fours and golf stockings of the modern business man proclaim him to be a person of shocking character and deplorable habits." Why not? The second proposition has fully as many elements of truth about it as the first, and, to my mind, is very much more interesting.

Sussex Insulted

SOMETHING compels me to admire courage in however wrong-headed a cause, and I cannot contemplate without awe the bravery of the correspondent who recently wrote to the Press asking why the county of Sussex was so esteemed and why poets made such a fuss about it. I haven't yet heard of any lynching affair in the Southern Counties, but I await the result of this magnificent impudence with interest.

When Kipling hears those monstrous words
With most portentous frowns;
When Belloc hears the question asked:
"Pray tell me what *are* downs?"
When poets and novelists arise
To squash the ingrate flat,
I shouldn't like to be the man
Who said a thing like that!

Local Patriotism

WHEN the Sussex man says that his county is the finest in England he is right. So is the man of Kent. So is your Devonian, singing of cream and cider. The man from every corner must hold his corner to be the best, or where are we? Local patriotism is always right. Even when Arnold Bennett finds Burslem the most romantic spot on earth he is right; he is doubly right, for the man who can find romance in the Five Towns has a special genius for romance which demands our admiration and respect.

"LORDS"—THE "GIRLS" GOING IN TO BAT!

By David Wilson

BY "THE TOUT"

33 TO 1!

Impressions made immediately after the race of the three men who sprung a big surprise on the world when Felstead won the Derby at 33 to 1. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, the owner, is flanked by Harry Wragg, the jockey, and Oswald Bell, who trained the winner

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

Derby Questions

WAS Felstead a lucky winner of the Derby? The finish looked to be fairly cut and dried to the hundreds of thousands who watched the race, the general opinion at the time being that Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's colt won absolutely on his merits. But among the experts there remained an impression that Flamingo would have done better had his jockey exercised greater restraint in the middle stages of the race. Nothing is easier than to ride a race from the stands. I always hate to criticise a jockey who has obviously done his best and strained every nerve to win. Now, it will be generally acknowledged that Charles Elliott is one of the soundest and most consistent members of his profession. He had previously won the Derby as well as other classic races, and he was not the sort who was likely to get into a flurry or be overwrought by the importance of the occasion.

After the Race

BUT I caught a glimpse of Elliott after the race which led me to suppose that he was not altogether pleased with himself. He was standing alone near the weighing-room door, evidently going through the race in his mind, and I could tell he was not satisfied with the result. A word or two with him was sufficient to confirm that impression. It is all very well to be wise after the event, but I am sure that if Elliott were to ride this race over again he would handle Flamingo rather differently. My view is that if he had given his mount a breather on reaching the top of the hill Flamingo would have been able effectually to meet the challenge which Felstead delivered after rounding Tattenham Corner. So convinced am I that this reading of the race is correct that if the two colts were to meet again over the same course my money would go on the one who failed last week.

Cutting-down Tactics

IT follows, therefore, that I am by no means disposed to believe that the St. Leger is a foregone conclusion for Felstead, though I freely admit that he is an exceptionally good stayer. I am sure it was Sunny Trace who chiefly contributed to Flamingo's failure. When Lord Dewar's colt made his electrical dash for the lead after reaching the top of the hill Elliott made an error of judgment in attempting to live with him. Flamingo answered gallantly to the call, and had Sunny Trace properly settled soon after reaching the line for home, but in doing so he exhausted himself and had very little in reserve when he was tackled by the comparatively fresh Felstead. A famous trainer put the situation in these words: "An effort was made to imitate the tactics which Steve Donoghue used when winning the Derby on some exceptionally good horses, but this time the cutting-down business failed to come off." All being well, Elliott will have the chance of reversing the result in the St. Leger, and I have an idea that I shall be giving my vote to Flamingo in that race.

Overtrained?

I WAS among the prophets who predicted the success of Fairway last week, so I may be expected to advance something in excuse for his uncompromising failure. Frankly, I suspect the colt was a trifle overtrained. He had been given an exceptionally strenuous preparation, and ran as though he were stale. He did much the same kind of work as Sansovino and Colorado had done before the Derby, but I imagine he is different in constitution to those horses, and would have been better last week had he been given one or two fewer long gallops on Newmarket Heath. Nothing is more certain than that the Fairway who won the Newmarket Stakes in such attractive style was quite a different colt from the Fairway who faded out of the picture so quickly in the Derby.

A Fine Sprinter

AS for Sunny Trace, the race fully confirmed the impression that he is not a true stayer. He will take a lot of beating in a race like the Stewards' Cup. The Derby still leaves us with the impression that our best three-year-olds are not a particularly distinguished lot, but it can at least be said for them that they easily vanquished the French pair, Palais Royal II and Bubbles II, in the big race. The former of these is really too big to be suited by the Epsom track, and I shall look to him to make a much better show in the Grand Prix. M. Jacques Wittouck tells me that we shall certainly see Palais Royal II in the field for the St. Leger. The present week will be a comparatively slack one for racing, most of the best horses being in reserve for Ascot, which opens next Tuesday with every prospect of its usual brilliant success. Some of the Derby colts have the chance of picking up a minor consolation prize in the shape of the Royal Stakes at Newbury on Wednesday, but a likely winner here is **Sans Changer,** who should be in first-rate condition after having done so much work with Fairway. My advice on the second day of the meeting is to have a bit on Lord Dewar's selected candidate for the Berkshire Plate. The Newbury Summer Cup on the same day may be won by **Sledmere,** or, in his absence, by Caporal.

A Camera Foursome from the World of Aviation

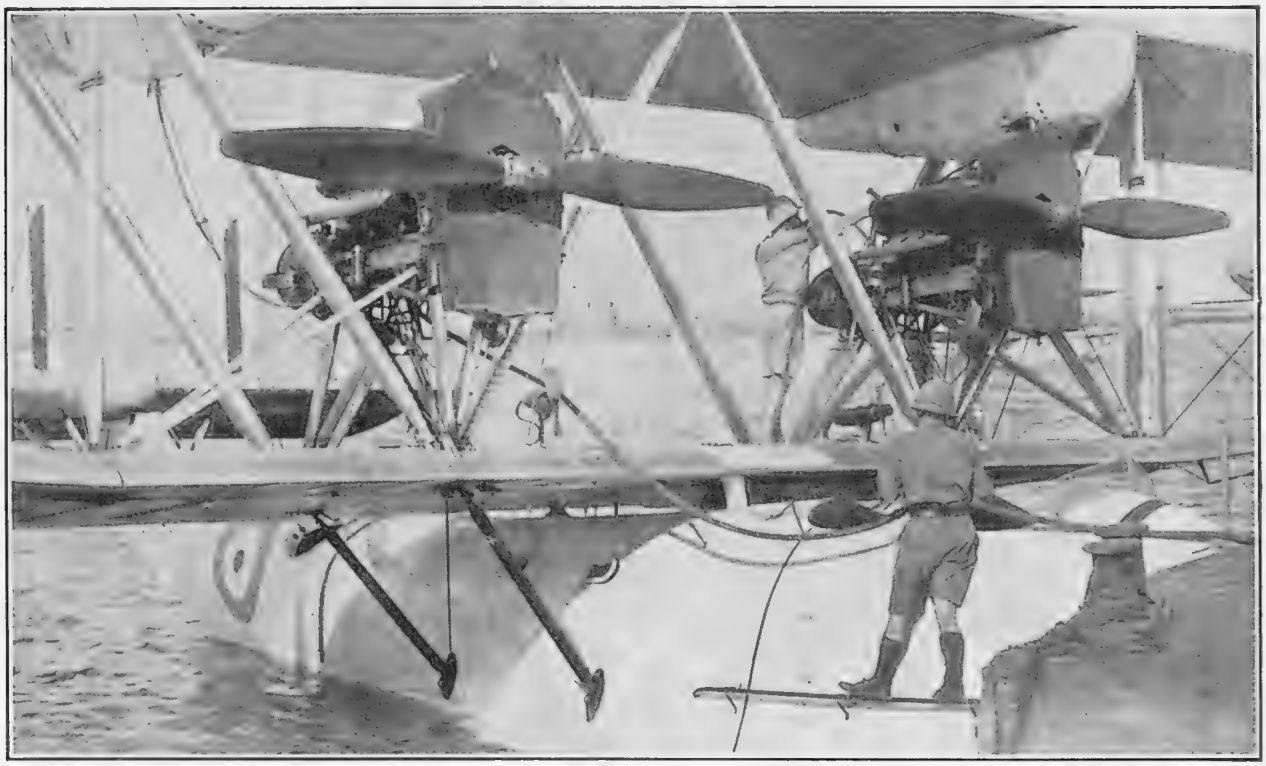
Photographs *Central Press*

BEFORE THE LONG FLIGHT

The Duchess of Bedford with Capt. C. D. Barnard and Mr. E. G. Elliott, whom she accompanies on their air dash to India and back. The upper photograph shows the Fokker monoplane fitted with a 450 h.p. Bristol "Jupiter" engine in which the flight will be made in four "hops" each way, the double journey to be accomplished in eight days

STARTING YOUNG *L.N.A.*

Mr. Robin Sanders-Clark, who has just received his Royal Aero Club certificate as an air pilot, photographed by his machine. As he is only just seventeen, he can make fair claim to being Britain's youngest air pilot



A HALT DURING THE TRIP *Central News*

One of the four Supermarine Napier "Southampton" flying boats refuelling at Karachi during the R.A.F. flight from England to Australia and the Far East, a distance of nearly 28,000 miles. The flight, which was under the command of Group-Captain H. M. Cave-Browne-Cave of the R.A.F., has attracted great interest in flying circles

VARSITY NOTES

OXFORD

WE have all been having a rest after Eights Week. And consequently there is no copy for the most industrious reporter. Cricket and tennis have ventured on no single match, and our rowing men may be excused if they now exchange the river for less active pursuits on the Cherwell. And even if we don't excuse them I doubt whether it will make them mend their ways. The publicity and glamour of Eights is, of course, very fine. But when the last admiring maiden has driven away and the last penny has been borrowed, there is a good deal to be said for the less glorious punt.

We have got to the season when the Union bursts out into red-lettered order papers for debate. Their Eights Week meeting is what Edgar Wallace's night club manager calls a "gayla night." The "gayla" was provided by Sir Ian Hamilton and Philip Guedalla. And Sophie Tucker herself could not have tickled our ribs more cunningly.

In the absence of sporting events we have been regaled by *Riverside Nights* at the New Theatre. Its first performance took place on the night before the proposed Armageddon, and I agree with Peter Fleming, of *The Isis*, that a visit to it would have been a satisfactory end to this highly unsatisfactory life. Except that it would have done us out of saluting Nigel Playfair, of the O.U.D.S., as the Sir Nigel he became a week later. And, talking of the theatre, don't forget the O.U.D.S.' Greek comedy on the 19th and onwards. They call it the *Clouds*, and you will at least be able to recognise the name of Socrates in it. And Gerald Norman as an old man will make your sides ache. Aches are in fashion at the moment, for schools are beginning. And remember that to take them I have to wear a white tie and a "subfuce" suit. I hope you realise the full horror of the situation. I have to answer questions for six hours a day for six days. What a tax on the combined faculties of bluffing and inventing! And to think that instead of being coaxed into submitting to this treatment and being rewarded with a rotten borough at the end of it, I have to pay £5 for the privilege of sitting. And later on I have to return to Oxford for the delights of the "viva." And this function is open to the public. Any of you can walk in and listen in. But I can't guarantee you any repartee. Such conversations are apt to be rather one-sided.

JINGO.

By Mac

H. N. COOPER

The present Secretary and next year's Captain-elect of the O.U.L.T.C. He is an Oriel man and was at school at Rugby

CAMBRIDGE

MAY Week in Cambridge has a peculiar charm of its own. The elderly *roué* may smile at the callow pleasures of youth. Yet looking back he will probably admit that there is a strange sort of delight about a May Week party rarely recaptured elsewhere. In part, of course, this is because of the way May Week is staged. The whole town given over to amusement, nobody who does not propose to amuse himself stays up, and consequently for six days Cambridge acquires the complete carnival spirit. There is something fascinating, too, in the change. We descend on a poor old university town and for six days turn it into a superior pleasure resort. The town is being a gay dog. For six nights only the respectable and the academic becomes Bacchanalian and voluptuary. It is all very attractive.

I hope, incidentally, that no one has been misguided enough to stay up during May Week without entertaining a party. Nothing more depressing can be imagined. You grow more and more melancholy. Everybody amusing themselves on every side. Everybody else catering for it. First you are turned out of hall. Then the whole college in an upset. Everybody else seems to be enjoying themselves more and more. Your own face grows longer and longer. You become like a man without a wedding garment. Finally in desperation you throw your things into a trunk and depart for London. . . . I know. I tried it once as a callow Freshman. Nothing more depressing.

To change the subject, our new Vice-Chancellor has been elected. He is to be, they tell me, dear Dr. Fitzpatrick, who has been President of Queen's more or less since the memory of man. They also tell me of an unfortunate experience suffered by the present Vice-Chancellor a few days before the election. While at a tea-party he was suddenly discovered to be on fire, a fact which caused much perturbation among the assembled guests. Fortunately, those present had not concluded the repast, and with great presence of mind they flung cups of tea over the distressed Vice-Chancellor, thus satisfactorily extinguishing the outbreak. The fire was later located in Mr. Weekes's coat pocket, and was shown to have been caused by his having put there a lighted pipe in a fit of Vice-Chancellorial abstraction. So Providence preserves her Vice-Chancellors!

RAB.

TAKING THEIR CALL

By Jock

The principals in "This Week of Pace," the May Week revue presented by the Cambridge University Footlights Dramatic Club. Reading from left to right are J. O. Whitmee, "Mike" Mitchell, J. Fell Clark, W. Gillett, R. Symon, Pat Mills, D. Martineau, J. D'Arcy Hildyard, and Roy Glover

Sport and General

THE UPPER CLUB TEAM GOING OUT TO FIELD AGAINST THE ETON RAMBLERS

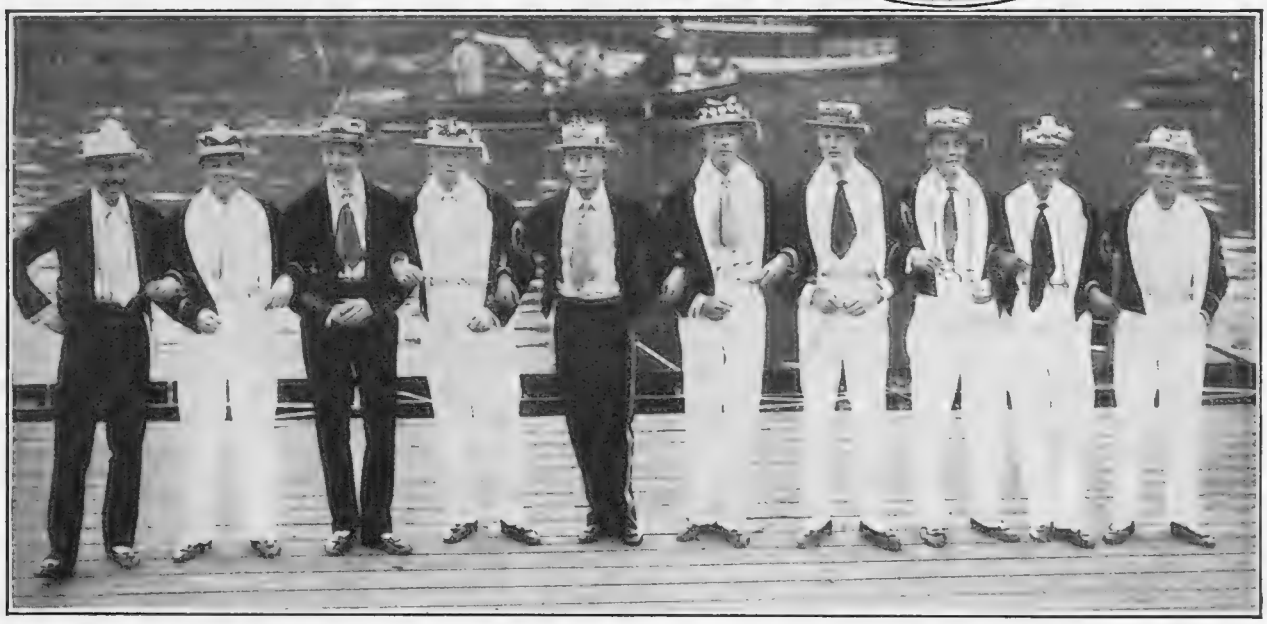
THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH" AT ETON

The weather this year at the Fourth of June celebrations at Eton, though not quite as glorious as it should be for the "Glorious Fourth," was warm and dry, and, though Monday is a rather difficult day, was well attended. Sir George Young, the Provost, in his speech disclosed the fact that he had helped to celebrate the Fourth as far back as 1847 The procession of boats proved as great an attraction as ever

Central News

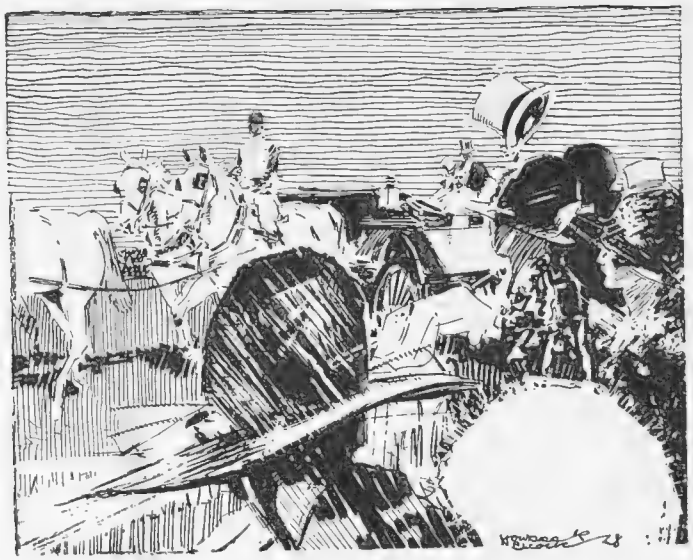
DR. ALINGTON,

the Headmaster, chatting with Lord Harris. On the right are Dr. Alington's son and daughter



L.N.A.

A GROUP OF THE CAPTAINS OF BOATS PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE PROCESSION OF BOATS DOWN THE RIVER



ASCOTERIE

By PENDARVES

NEXT week will be the most important of all the year for some people. The dressmakers, who have made pots of embryonic money out of it already, have been cursing next week for the last ten days or more on account of the vagaries of their feminine *clientèle*, which has been extremely troublesome. And I know a man who has just bought a greyish-white tall hat for the first time in his life, so you can imagine how important this next week is to *him*.

A heart-searching race meeting is this Ascot. The clothes question is so infernally difficult. This particular man I have in mind, for example, is beginning to suffer mental tortures already. Life is very odd. He has an income, earned honestly, of about £12,000 a year, nett; a charming house on the border-line of London; an equally charming cottage on the seashore; two magnificent motor cars; a true appreciation of old beauty, and a cast-iron constitution. But he has never been to Ascot, and his womenfolk are driving him there next week. There he will see quite a lot of men who owe him money, and they will make him miserable by not seeing him. He has gone to considerable expense with his tailor, will feel and look like a trussed fowl, and will try to pretend (his women will be convinced of it) that he is "counted amongst those present"; but in his heart he will be hating the whole dam business, because Ascoterie is not his world.

A very reliable test of the true value of friendship is to adventure to Ascot clad in what is somewhat cryptically described as a "lounge suit" and a soft hat. You won't, of course, dare to go into one of the "Enclosures"—V.C.s have been given for less than this—but you can have quite an amusing time in one of the cheaper rings, and probably a more profitable. The fun, and the pathos, will begin for you when the day's racing is over and the evening specials begin to draw into the platform from their sidings.

You should then "establish yourself," as the French say so succinctly, on the platform bang opposite the door where they all come in, preferably with a pipe in your mouth. It will be an education to you. The women, who seem to have a second sight for the cut that most of us men lack, will do it with their usual aplomb. They will look through your top waistcoat button calmly. The men won't find it so easy. They will resort to hurried manœuvres, such as breaking suddenly into animated conversation with a boring woman of their party whom they have not addressed half a dozen words to since just after the second race. But the result in the main will be the same throughout the coterie. And subsequently "*Were* you ol' man? *Really?* Good Lord. I never saw you—but there was a deuce of a crowd, wasn't there? I haven't known Ascot so crowded for years, have you?" He wants you to know that he thinks you have never been there before and—but you know how it is. . . .

Assuming, however, that one is properly dressed, a day at Ascot is a fearful and wonderful thing for an impressionable male. By being *properly* dressed I mean naturally, the dove-grey topper the most perfect tails, the double-breasted fawn canvas waistcoat, the bow tie, the well-worn race glasses slung over the shoulder *and* the little red enclosure disc in the buttonhole. [This latter continues to be worn by some men, I find, long after they have left Ascot—until, in fact, they dress for dinner about 8.30, so that there shall be no possibility of misapprehension.]

I never got a bet on the whole day last year, because I was so absorbed in the stream of Lovelies who flowed in spate past my entranced eyes. Where *do* they all come from? "Cleopatra in all her glory was not arrayed like one of these." I always used to think that women looked their best at night, until I studied them agape at Ascot for four exciting hours of a summer day. I saw also such a lot of women in the "posh" places that I never would have dreamed—but one must not be unkind.

And I actually heard an old cynic say the other day that the smartness of the London Season is not what it was—Great Scot! There is a moment at Ascot, soon over but tremendously dramatic while it lasts, which is inimitable; which no other nation in the world can begin to copy; which, to absorb properly, you must go up, but not very high up, into one of the stands, looking down upon the lawns. It is a moment of cessation—when the Scylla of colour and the Charybdis of beauty is stilled. For Their Majesties are arriving in State, driving slowly along the vivid green grass of the course. Ten thousand *soigné* men, ten thousand exquisite women—a whole world of beauty and gallantry stand, paying mute homage. There is something about that minute or two which always transcends everything else in my mind about Ascoterie—it is so very English—and therefore excellent.

But isn't it amusing, when you come to think of it, that throughout the whole of this gay and busy week people who really have no cause to fuss about anything in the wide world will be agitating about silly things like clothes—the men are just as bad as the women, although they laugh you to scorn when you tell them so. And, would you believe it, a foul friend of mine who isn't going this year and swore blind that he would lend me his grey topper, which fits me superbly, has gone and lent it to another man and disappeared himself to Le Touquet, or somewhere. I mean, can you *beat* that? . . .

THE SONG OF THE RABBIT

LET others sing of Wimbledon and laud its Centre Court
Where the " stars " of every nation fight till all is won and lost,
Let them tell of epic struggles, needle matches grimly fought
By Betty Nuthall, Tilden, Helen Wills, and dour Lacoste;
No Finals game at Wimbledon holds half the thrill for me
As that in which I beat the Vicar seven-five, six-three!

The men who play at Wimbledon use spheres of spotless white,
They go forth into battle armed with six of snowy sheen;
I'd like to see THEM using three antique ones, feather light,
Which four successive summers have reduced to verdant green.
In fact, I'm very certain they'd get flustered as can be—
Yet *I* used them and beat the Vicar seven-five, six-three!

The " stars " who shine at Wimbledon tread turf that's true and fine,
They never have to battle on a steep and bumpy lawn
Or dodge between two mole-hills on a wavy service-line
On courts from which the tufted grass for weeks has not been shorn.
They'd cut a funny figure there, I'm sure you will agree—
Yet *I* shone when I beat the Vicar seven-five, six-three!

The Champions of Wimbledon have worshippers by scores,
Who follow every rally in a silence grim and tense,
No double-fault or error is received with loud guffaws
From a row of grinning village lads behind the garden fence—
Yet I was barracked cruelly until we stopped for tea,
But faced the jeers and beat the Vicar seven-five, six-three!

Let others sing of Wimbledon, I'll hymn a braver song,
The ballad of a battle fought against stupendous odds
With a racquet warped and soggy, in a light completely wrong,
Across a net so broken it was propped with curtain rods.
Yes, I'll sing of High Endeavour and my story it shall be
THE SONG OF HOW I BEAT THE VICAR SEVEN-FIVE, SIX-THREE!

EDGAR HIGHBURY.

Illustrated by CUNINGHAM

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced April 27, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS "Romantic Musical Play" is largely concerned with the varying fortunes of Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, the period being the fateful year 1746. But the romantic part is practically absorbed by the notorious George Ann Bellamy, known as Nancy in the days of her triumphs at Covent Garden Theatre. At the opening of this play, however, Nancy must have been no more than twenty, and had not then developed a taste for the irregularities with which scandalous history has since associated her name. She is, in fact, represented here as being quite the pink of propriety, always supposing that pink is the right hue with which to characterise the unduly prim and proper.

WE first meet Nancy at "The Good King James Inn," on the Great North Road, somewhere in Scotland. She is travelling most correctly with a maid and an elderly chaperon, Mr. Pilbeam. Nancy has gone north to try to save her brother, who has enlisted on the rebel side and is likely to swing for it if he should be captured by the English, who had a short way with traitors in those days. We appear to have lost that forthright quality in these over-tolerant times, but this is an aside, as they say on the stage. In the meantime, she is discovered by Sir George Fairmont, who arrives at the Inn with his gallant Company of Royal Dragoons. Sir George at once pays court to the lady for what the French call the good motive, and one of the earliest duets that follow is the charmingly rendered "Blue Eyes" that give their dainty title to the production.

THE Dragoons are in pursuit of Bonnie Prince Charlie, but they do not seem to have very efficient scouts, because no sooner have Sir George and his men left the premises than Charlie and a bit of his Army turn up, many of the gallant soldiers having that fine look of convincing ferocity that only a ragged bunch of false whiskers can impart to an otherwise ordinary face. On Charlie's arrival there

is a fine musical outburst of the roll-of-the-drum variety, to say nothing of the activities of a couple of bagpipes, which, it has been said, some humorist told the Scots were musical instruments, and they have not yet been able to see the joke. Still, the martial setting is very stirring, and there is, of course, more romance about battles that are fought blade to blade than about the modern way of simply turning the gas on overnight.

AN extremely attractive interlude is afforded by a Highland Outpost, where we are treated to a Medley of Old Scottish airs that have been since annexed by the English just as if they had been made on the premises by our own workman. In the next scene we have Nancy singing to the Scots lassies about the Bow Belles of London, and when they seem a little shocked at the freedom of her gestures she explains to them that if a girl does not show something of her figure people think there is something wrong with it. That was in 1746. We are now in the year 1928 (see calendar) and are frequently afforded an opportunity of confirming by sad ocular demonstration what was formerly only a matter of suspicion.

IN the Second Act we are in London. The Battle of Culloden has sent Charlie packing, and the great Duke of Cumberland, known for his personal activities as "The Butcher," has all but finished his job of adding to the death-rate on his own private account. One case only remains to be dealt with, and that is that of the misguided rebel James Bellamy, the brother Nancy is trying to save.

Stage Photo Co.

"THE LEADING LADY"

Miss Evelyn Laye photographed in a particularly picturesque scene, surrounded by some of the chorus. Miss Laye's personality is well matched by the charm of her dress

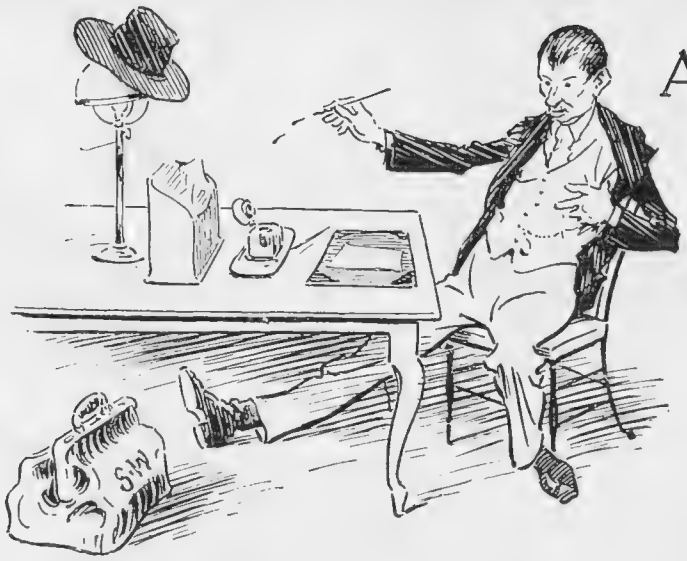
The Duke is rather taken with Nancy's Blue Eyes, and he will be most happy to give her brother a safe conduct to France, and after that, of course, he remains hers most affectionately. If a young man who gives up his seat to a girl in a crowded omnibus may build fanciful hopes for the near future, how much more may not a Duke build likewise when he has saved the life of a fair girl's erring brother?

NANCY, however, declines the offer very daintily but very definitely. She will yield only to the plain gold ring that symbolises holy matrimony, and she is not disposed to offer any discount in advance, especially as there is Sir George Fairmont in the background, who looks like a genuine matrimonial prospect. The Duke employs all his eloquence in an effort to persuade Nancy that her point of view is really quite out of date, and he hangs about her just long enough to cause a mild outbreak of jealousy on the part of Sir George; but there is no serious harm done, and Nancy shines as a paragon of virtue to the end.

THE action of the play is subordinated throughout to the musical numbers, and the story becomes a little patchy in consequence. The entertainment makes its strongest appeal, therefore, to those enthusiasts who like their music best when it is undiluted as far as possible with action or humour. The latter quality rests almost entirely on the shoulders of Mr. W. H. Berry, who is like a lonely plum in a prodigious pudding. To hear Mr. Berry sing of Woman and the trouble she has brought upon us, is an education in rich humour by itself. The part of Nancy is played with agreeable excellence by Miss Evelyn Laye, who not only sings delightfully, but wears throughout an air of playfulness that adds considerably to the dainty charm of her impersonation.

IN the final scene, the Green Room, Covent Garden Theatre, we meet for a few brief moments some of the celebrities of the day, such as David Garrick and Colley Cibber, to say nothing of the portly Doctor Johnson with his caustic wit. But these interesting figures fade away before we have had time to identify all of them, since they are not apparently musical enough for a front seat in this very musical show. Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther makes a sturdy figure of Sir George, and his duets with Miss Laye are the making of the piece, which relies more than anything on its singing parts. Mr. Bertram Wallis, who unhappily no longer sings to us, has all the native dignity required by his part of the Duke of Cumberland, who, in spite of an occasional lapse from grace, was always the man of breeding. Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas does not appear till late, when she takes the part of the hysterical Lady Featherstone.

JINGLE.



A LETTER TO THE BACKBLOCKS

Dear Ole Buddy,

You asked I should rite you my doings and reflektions when I arrove to the ole Country, so here goes for the first shot. First thing happened when I sot foot on Southampton was a feller ses to me, "You're a kolonial, ain't you?" and I ses, "What's that?" and he ses, "Ain't you from the Antipods?" and I ses, "Antipods nothing, I'm an Aussi, which is short for Anzac which is Latin for Australian." "Well, well," ses he, "it's funny you should hail from Australia. An aunt of mine's just died and left £10,000 for me to divide among Australian charities. But I first got to find a substantial Australian——" Well, Bill, he did, and I don't sort of fancy he'll be looking for another just yet awhiles; not a substantial one, anyways.

On the train to London, a bloque in a nifty hat and white spats ses, "If I'm not mistaken, you're an American." "Yep, in a manner of speaking," I ses, "but my birth's a bit complicated. My mother was a Russian born in Poland, my dad was a Welshman who first see'd the light in Greenland, and I was born in Mexico under the American flag and christened by a Greek parson." "Oh, very good, very good indeed," ses hee. "Ha, ha, I see you have a sense of humour, sir. Now how about a little game of cards to pass away the time?" "I don't never play cards as a rule," I ses, "because of a promise I made to mother. But I don't mind having a flutter just this onct." When we arrove to Waterloo, he asked I should lend him sixpence on his spats for tramfare as them was about all he had left. But I don't suffer from cold feet, so let him keep 'em. But my oath, Bill, you got to keep a watch out in the ole Country.

Well, Bill, I done what you advised and went and bought a motor. The feller who sold it wanted me to buy some lessons how to drive in traffic, but I told him I'd druv a car in spots where no white man had ever sot foot, and that dried him up. But less'n five minutes after I'd started off in the car, I wished I'd done what he said. It took me 1¼ hours to git from what's called the Marble Arch to what's called the Mansion House, and that mostly because I got caught in one of them gyratories in Piccadilly Circus. I went round and round and round and couldn't git out of it nohow, and was growing that dizzy I couldn't hardly see. It looked like I'd be going round till the gas gave out or the tyres busted, and then a cop stopped me and asked what I was playing at. I told him I wasn't playing at nothing, "but," I ses, "I got into this here blinkin' gyrator and I can't see no ways out of it. I'll die of starvation at this rate." Well, he just laffs and holds up the traffic and I gets on to the straight again. And I could have done that trip, Bill, in ten minutes on the electric pipe-line.

Howsoever, I ain't grouching and wouldn't have missed the sport for a pension. I ain't had so many thrills since Gallipoli, and I come nearer to getting killed between the Aldwych and Holborn Viadukt than ever I did on the field of glory (don't laff). A feller's got to die somewhen, and after he's been bucketing round London in a super-sports-speedster, Bill, death ain't got no terrors left for him. But the bloque who said you can only die onct was talking right through his sombrero, Bill. I bet I died about 20 times that first trip.

Same evening I took a notion I'd like to see a theatrical play. I see'd one advertised to be done by amacheurs called "Outward Bound," and it made me feel sorter homesick for the ole days when I was a wind-jamming before me and you struck it rich. So I buyed a ticket and may I never neck another pint, Bill, if it wasn't all about a cargo of stiffs—dead'ns, every mother's son of 'em. Anyways, they were kind of supposed to be, though they talked plenty and one of 'em mopped up the booze like a sundowner.

But, as I ses, you'd never have rumbled they were all stiffs, and no more wouldn't they, if the young perisher who was doing all the elbow work hadn't got the jim-jams sudden—which I didn't wonder at, the way he'd been hitting the high spots. Well, he ses to the steward, after necking his umpteenth B and S, "Am I dead?" "Bet your life, cobber," ses the steward, "we're all dead on this here ole packet. That's why we're outward bound." Well, that guv the young feller a pain in his *verboten* all right. "Where're we bound for?" ses he. "Search me, matey, I ain't got no hand in your destinations," ses the steward, "it depends on your past life," Right there the young feller had the jim-jams some more and went and spilt the good news to the other stiffs. Well, after a whiles, a sort of padre bloque comes aboard and starts to sort the stiffs out. Something like when me and you joined the army, Bill, remember? "What's your trade?" ses the sergeant. "Sheep farmer," ses you. "Right," ses he, "you for the engineers." One of the stiffs, a parson, touched lucky on account of his having had a kollege education and was guv a cushy job in the office, but the other stiffs, s'far as I could make out, were marked "fit for service" and put on the draft. Except two, which hadn't properly qualified and were returned to depot for home service.

This is all for now, Bill, as it's just gone six pip emma and I've got a raging thirst coming on. I know you're interested in politiks, so in my next I'll try and tell you some.

Yours to a cinder,

Jim.

A Rowe of Two

G.P.A.

THE ROWE SISTERS

These two English girls, who are known on the Continent as the Greyhounds of Paris, are appearing again at the Casino de Paris, where they are great favourites. Until recently they were dancing at the Savoy Hotel

By Graham Simmons

IN SORE "STRAITS"

Doctor: "Sore throat, eh? Have you tried gargling with salt and water?"
Patient: "Heavens! I've just been swimming the Channel!"

By Stan Terry

EGG-ZACTLY!

Friend (*to mother at school match, as her son goes in*): "My dear, what a perfect duck your boy looks in his flannels!"

SOME FRIENDLY FAIRWAYS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS*

No. IV—LITTLESTONIANS

"Then you have the expert on soils"

TOURNEYS with three tremendous courses had vanquished the heart of one of us three golfing pilgrims: and he had gone back to London broodily, on the plea of "affairs at the office": and then there were two. These, still lustful for battle, sped coastwise optimistically to do a far, far better score than they had ever done in a country not girt with quite so many pitfalls for errant golfers as are the championship courses at Deal and Sandwich.

The most enticing courses and the most friendly fairways of England lie so often in sequestered places; and to reach them you journey through quiet lands where seemingly no golf is. There is no hint of it about the Kentish coast where Littlestone lies hidden—although the rumour of Rye and its regality permeates this Romney Marsh land as you come through it—until suddenly this little seaside town sweeps into your vision with a pleasant shock of surprise, and you see a hole or two by the roadside and understand at once, after a peep or two at them, how Littlestone came to greatness.

The Romney Marsh lands, that great plain of fascinating country stretching from Hythe to Winchelsea, with wooded hills as a background and the silver-tipped sea as a frontispiece, are pre-eminently suitable for golf. And the Littlestonians having, so to speak, at their back door the same quality of turf and the same seductive, bunker-beckoning sand ridges as has the famous Rye close by, would have been an unenterprising people indeed had they not developed their land and fashioned it into the fairways of which they are now so justly proud. The Littlestonians have achieved what I should like to be allowed to describe as a dainty course. They are, in fact, a dainty people—judging by the types of summer cottages they have built for themselves, several of them with their gardens only separated from "the pretty" of the course by sensibly inconspicuous wire fencing.

A keen golfer can imagine nothing more delightful and enviable than to have a summer home standing *on* a lovely golf course—where he can siesta in his garden after lunch, waking placidly just before tea to watch the four-balls battling towards the last green: where in the haze of a summer morning he can open a wee wooden gate and, mashie in hand, practise approach shots towards a dew spangled green until such time as a feminine voice calls to him that "breakfast's ready." There is one such here: a pink-roofed and green-shuttered and white-painted Elysium (which should be its name) standing on the edge of the eighteenth fairway, which I can never pass, however exciting my match, without a pause and the compound fracture of a commandment. One can only hope the owner deserves all he has got. He probably does, far more than I do.

One gathers from conversations with Littlestonians, and from some of the emphatic literature of erstwhile members of Littlestonian Committees one is given to read, that this golf course has not reached its present state of attractiveness without internal schism: is not, in fact, in the view of some, anything like as good as it might be. The best answer that a pilgrim can make to such criticism is that, having been privileged to play on 135 golf courses in Great Britain and the Continent, one of the most pleasing golfing memories he retains is that of the Littlestone Club. And that if they would only leave well alone they have at least got something that is outstandingly good, and needs little, if any, betterment for the most exacting player.

One of the troubles that a defenceless golf course has to suffer—even the old course at St. Andrews has not been entirely immune from it—is the continual controversy of the golfing man. People come and settle down all round it, and are not content until they have done a little lily painting. One man says "That bunker is an unfair hazard"; the other man, who never has to dig himself out of it, retorts "It is very well placed for a faulty shot, and you ought not to be there"—and so it goes on. Then you have the expert on soils: he shakes you a good deal because he can reel off things like: "Nitrogenous fertilisers preferably Peruvian guano," and affirms positively that "the sheep have taken much lime out of the soil to make bone": this was apparently rather naughty of them, for lime, he will tell you, is a very necessary ingredient to the fertility of fairways.

But even though in the minds of some people Littlestone has blemishes, it has also great and compensat-

ing allurements. There is, however, one eye-offender which should be plucked out. Some years ago—in 1895 I think—a Littlestonian built for the betterment of the place, as he thought, an horrific red brick water tower. But when they pumped the water into it from the well beneath it was found to be brackish and was condemned by Authority as unfit for human consumption. You would have thought someone would have analysed the quality of the water before they built an expensive tower over it—but no. Meanwhile, a watchful Board of Trade had caused this dreadful piece of useless architecture to be marked upon seamen's charts: and so there it must remain, a monument to man's stupidity for all time. A crafty Littlestonian recently bought the ground on which the monstrosity stands, thinking that when he had built his delightful house alongside it he would raze it to the ground and be beloved of all the parish thereafter. Imagine his stupefaction on finding that he mustn't ever dare to touch a brick of it, but must cherish this eyesore for ever to his bosom close up against his tennis court!

"In 1895 a Littlestonian built for the betterment of the place, as he thought, an horrific red brick water tower"

Littlestone has many attributes that make it an ideal place for a golfing summer holiday, with its utterly charming houses, its long course, its short course, its putting course, lawn tennis courts and sea. And when you think from here of friends of yours playing on the crowded fairways of places like North Berwick, or some other spectacular Scottish course, and taking three solid hours to get round, the enchantment of Littlestone becomes the more vivid. For this, if I may be allowed to say so without accusation of self-aggrandisement, is an easy course. Perhaps it was that when I last played upon it I had just come from some of the world's most severe testers, with an humble and a contrite heart. But whatever it was, I and my companion and accomplice found these two hours of quiet, uninterrupted golf entirely after our own hearts and minds.

It is a course that grows upon you. Driving from its first tee, you may be inclined to think it all looks too flat to be interesting: never was there greater mistake. It is interesting and varied and seductive from first tee shot to last putt. Easy in the sense that there is to some extent a margin for human error, and also by the fact that, come good fortune or ill, two rounds here upon a summer day, and the majority of men will find that they are eager for nine holes more after tea — which shows that you are not tired out by the strenuous nature of things as you are liable to be at a "great" course such as Princes, where you have endured (and perchance won through) nearly seven thousand yards of nerve strain.

One of the most pleasant climaxes at the end of a golfing day here—taken for granted by the Littlestonians, who are accustomed to it by sojourn there, but an hour of intense appreciation to the visitor, who has perhaps never experienced it before, is this Romney Marsh land under the lights of evening. Most golf courses look particularly bewitching just before sunset, when the colours harden, but there is something peculiarly beautiful about Littlestone and Rye when the golfing day is done. The glamour of the golf and the whole exquisite plain of it is laid bare, intensified most dramatically. Looked down upon from the club house windows, the shades of green and orange and purple and blue and black, great blotches of them, with the falling sun striking fire out of them all, form a spectacle that the most prosaic, cocktail-minded man will be induced to gaze upon, silently—and gratefully—at the end of a perfect day, however imperfectly the game may have been played.

D. L.

A NEW GOLF COURSE *Topical*

Viscount Ridley photographed at the opening of the new golf course at Ponteland, Northumberland. Lord Ridley, though a non-golfer made a splendid drive from the first tee

BY PROXY!

BY ALFRED LEETE

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

GILDING THE LILY

SAILORS DO CARE

By

K. R. G. BROWNE

Illustrations by
WILL OWEN

"An ancient longshoreman with a wall-eye and quantities of whisker"

On the little jetty at Starfish Bay, which is a small and exclusive resort on the north coast of the Isle of Wight, stood Mr. Croop and Mr. Plumshott, fellow-guests at "Channel Vista." Mr. Plumshott—stoutish and middle-aged—viewed the tranquil seascape with a vague melancholy eye; but Mr. Croop—middle-aged and stoutish—radiated *bonhomie* and *joie de vivre*.

"Bit glum this morning, old boy?" said Mr. Croop cheerily. "Missing our charming widow, eh?"

"I confess," replied Mr. Plumshott sighing, "I would have liked a word with Mrs. Beech before she left. There was a question I particularly wished to ask her. . . . But she left so very early this morning—and she will have sailed from Southampton by this time. . . ."

"Brace up, old boy!" urged Mr. Croop jovially. "You'll get over it in time—and there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. . . . Tell you what, come for a spin in old Jackson's motor boat. Do you a world of good. Great pal of mine, old Jackson—lets me take her out alone whenever I like. . . . Hey, Jackson!"

"Really," began Mr. Plumshott doubtfully, "I don't think I——" But already Mr. Croop was bargaining with Mr. Jackson, an ancient longshoreman with a wall-eye and quantities of whisker. And presently—Mr. Croop being one of those people with whom it is impossible to argue—the *Saucy Ellen*, with Mr. Croop in command, slid away from the jetty and out upon the sunlit sea

"Fine, eh, old boy?" cried Mr. Croop; "makes you glad to be alive!"

Mr. Plumshott assented cautiously, for he was no devil-may-care seafarer. Mr. Croop, however, who owned a yachting cap and had once voyaged to Madeira in a frail craft of but 20,000 tons, was in and on his element. The *Saucy Ellen*, whose mission in life was to convey adventurous sightseers round the lighthouse at sixpence a head, was designed for comfort rather than for speed, but Mr. Croop's air of hard-bitten seadoggery would have seemed ostentatious in the skipper of a pirate barque.

"Here, take the wheel, old boy," said Mr. Croop, intensely nautical, "while I see if I can squeeze another knot out of her."

So Mr. Plumshott took the wheel in an apprehensive manner suggesting that he would have preferred to take a taxi, and Mr. Croop rose to stimulate the engine. For what occurred four seconds later Mr. Croop insists that Mr. Plumshott was alone to blame, while Mr. Plumshott says that he (Mr. Croop) should have known better than to entrust the steering to him (Mr. Plumshott). Be that as it may, it is indisputable that Mr. Plumshott observed the bathing-raft too late to avert a collision. There was a sudden, anxious yelp from Mr. Plumshott, and a heavy thud as the *Saucy Ellen's* massive flank impinged against the raft. Mr. Croop, caught unawares, lost his balance, cried out in affright, beat the air madly with his arms, and went very abruptly overboard. The *Saucy Ellen*, only slightly diverted from her original course, lumbered serenely on.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Plumshott, aghast. He looked back, to see his ex-shipmate, now extremely damp, clambering aboard the raft; and even at that distance it was clear that Mr. Croop had lost a little of his usual sunny gaiety.

"Certain of Mr. Croop's remarks were wafted to him on the breeze"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Plumshott, much concerned. Hastily he thrust the helm over, and the *Saucy Ellen* went about in a wide circle. As they lumbered past the raft again the voice of Mr. Croop was borne across the waters, crying peevishly:

"Stop her, you fool! Stop her Stop her!"

"*How?*" inquired Mr. Plumshott, fortissimo, for

the interior economy of a motor boat was as a closed book to him.

Mr. Croop's reply was, unhappily, inaudible, the *Saucy Ellen* having passed out of range. Mr. Plumshott, feeling distinctly hot and bothered, again put the helm over, and again the unlovely vessel circled the bathing-raft. From the onlookers on the beach—among whom the theory was gaining ground that Messrs. Croop and Plumshott were rehearsing for the fillums—rose a faint, approving cheer, but no answering cheer issued from Mr. Croop, who preferred to mop and mow at Mr. Plumshott and shout instructions which exasperation rendered unintelligible. In desperation Mr. Plumshott closed his eyes, grasped the nearest lever and jerked it lustily, whereupon the *Saucy Ellen* lurched forward and completed her third circuit at a considerably increased speed. Mr. Plumshott, now mauve with shame and confusion, dared not look at his marooned friend as they wallowed past, but certain of Mr. Croop's remarks were wafted to him on the breeze. They were not, however, of a very helpful nature.

It was mid-way through the fourth circuit that the steering-gear broke down. Nor was this surprising, for it was in poor repair and had suffered much at the unskilled hands of Mr. Plumshott. Conceive, therefore, of that gentleman's dismay when on a sudden the wheel spun vainly in his grasp, while the *Saucy Ellen*, as if weary of this aimless pottering, headed resolutely out to sea.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Plumshott, horrified. "Here, stop! Whoa!"

But the *Saucy Ellen* lumbered on. Behind them the gesticulating figure on the raft dwindled to a shapeless speck, so also did the figure of Mr. Jackson, performing an agitated fandango on the jetty. And soon Mr. Plumshott was alone with the sea, the sky, and his thoughts, which were very grey indeed.

The *Saucy Ellen* lumbered on. Fearing that in his ignorance he might commit some error that would send the vessel to the bottom, Mr. Plumshott forbore to meddle further with the engine. Unhappily, he saw the Isle of Wight recede into the distance, and in imagination saw the coast of the New World rise into view ahead. Knowing nothing of motor boats, he wondered if the petrol would suffice to bear him to America, or if it would give out in mid-Atlantic and leave him to a moist and horrid end. What if they met an iceberg, hit a derelict, sprang a leak? Why had he let Croop inveigle him aboard this tragic craft? Mr. Plumshott, scanning the ocean with a haggard eye, wished that he had led a better life.

The *Saucy Ellen* lumbered on.

It must have been some twenty minutes later that the passengers on the liner *Babylonia*, emerging from the Solent *en route* to the land of liberty and lethal liquor, remarked a motor boat approaching on the port beam. An aged and unhandsome motor boat, containing one who seemed to be in the throes of an epileptic fit. Time passed, and presently this one was recognisable as a middle-aged and stoutish gentleman, violently flourishing his hat and emitting loud cries of a supplicatory character. More time passed, and it became clear that unless the liner or the motor boat altered course a trifle a collision was as inevitable as Christmas, 1928. But liners do not alter course for motor boats, and the *Babylonia* held proudly on her way. So, to the astonishment of all, did the motor boat, in which the stoutish gentleman was now leaping about like a frenzied grasshopper, crying urgently: "Hi! Get out of the way! Get out of the *way!*"

The *Babylonia* did no such thing. . . .

A little later:

"Why—*Mr. Plumshott!*"

"Feeling better now?" asked somebody.

Mr. Plumshott blinked, sat up, ejected a pint of English Channel, and saw that he was seated on a gleaming deck, surrounded by interested faces. Among those faces was one that caught and held his eye—the face of a comely female in the sombre trappings of widowhood. And as his eye met hers, this female started and came forward, saying:

"Why—*Mr. Plumshott!*"

"Good morning, Mrs. Beech," said Mr. Plumshott, rising and achieving a quite creditable bow. "I am delighted to meet you. You left 'Channel Vista' so early this morning that I was unable to say good-bye."

"Oh, Mr. Plumshott!" said Mrs. Beech; "so you came after me in a motor boat? How *impetuous* of you!"

"Er—yes," said Mr. Plumshott, coughing. "Yes, Mrs. Beech, there is a question I particularly wished to ask you before you left."

"Not really, Mr. Plumshott?" said Mrs. Beech, all girlish. "Then ask me now!"

Mr. Plumshott drew a long breath, glanced cautiously about, and lowered his voice to a confidential whisper.

"Mrs. Beech," he said, "what was the name of that stuff that cured your late husband's dyspepsia?"

K. R. G. B.

Who wrote, "Home is the wife's workhouse?"

. . . . . .

It is stated that most horses like alcohol. Does this explain the phrase, "The favourite's *rolling* home"?

. . . . . .

"Doris is simply empty-headed."

"Well, there you have it in a nut-shell."

A CANVAS VIEW OF CHILDHOOD'S DAY

ROBIN, SON OF ROBERT McCOSH, ESQ.

ROBERT, SON OF JAMES SUTHERLAND, ESQ.

MARY, DAUGHTER OF JOHN COLVILLE, ESQ.

THE HON. JOHN FORBES, SON OF LORD GRANARD

Four delightful studies of children by Edmond Brock, whose exhibition of portraits is now being held at the Alpine Club Gallery, Mill Street, Conduit Street, W.1

THE BIRTH PANGS OF A REVUE DRAMA

By A. J. TALBOT *Illustrations by BERTRAM PRANCE*

"In a real swinging cradle"

IF we could take that revue sketch which moved you so strangely and go right back to the first cause, we should very likely come to a letter from an impresario to one of his tame dramatists in the following terms:—

. . . For one of the items in "Miss in Balk" we are having a most realistic setting made of the top of Nelson's Column. We want Bob Hewitt and Ernie Caswell to appear in this scene, and we shall be glad if you will write up a really funny duologue for same.

Next day the telephonist at the exchange might have overheard some such conversation as this:—

IMPRESARIO: How are you getting on with that sketch?

DRAMATIST: Fine. Bob Hewitt and Ernie Caswell will be two comic decorator's men, and they will appear pulling themselves up to the top of Nelson's Column in a real swinging cradle.

IMPRESARIO (*unemotionally*): Good.

DRAMATIST: There is a sure-fire passage where Bob says to Ernie, "I dropped my hammer the other day: where do you think it fell?" And Ernie replies, "I don't know; where did it fall?" Then Bob says, "In *Hammer*smith."

IMPRESARIO (*brightening*): I should think that ought to go.

DRAMATIST: I don't think there's any doubt about it. Then Bob goes on to ask Ernie where he thinks his (Bob's) pot fell, and the answer, at length, is "Potter's Bar."

IMPRESARIO: Yes, I like that—don't cut us off, Miss—but, look here, I hope you're not giving all the fat to Bob. I know he's the star and all that, but Ernie's good, too, and we can't afford his salary just to let him stand by and feed Bob.

DRAMATIST: Yes, I quite see that; but the trouble is that from a strict technical point of view it is a mistake to have *two* low comedians in that cradle.

IMPRESARIO (*stiffly*): If you're not equal to writing this sketch——

DRAMATIST (*hastily*): Of course I'm equal to it. My point is that it would have been better to have only one comedian—either Bob or Ernie—accompanied by a foil.

"The woman is hanging out her underclothing"

IMPRESARIO: I can easily get another dramatist——

DRAMATIST: Please hear me out. I think I have got round this difficulty by making *both* characters funny, giving out the jokes in the ratio of Bob's salary to Ernie's.

IMPRESARIO: Now you're talking sense. Let's hear some more.

DRAMATIST: For instance, after these two gags of Bob's I give Ernie a look in. He says to Bob, "Where do you think I dropped my chisel?" Now I think that you will admit that this is rather neat. Where would you yourself think that Ernie's chisel fell?

IMPRESARIO: Chislehurst?

DRAMATIST: No.

IMPRESARIO: Chiswell Street?

DRAMATIST (*exultantly*): Wrong again. You'd never guess. Can you hear me all right? Well, Ernie's chisel fell at "Ch-Islington"!

IMPRESARIO (*moved*): Capital. But I expect we shall have trouble with Bob—he'll want that gag. By the way, don't forget to arrange the dialogue so that Bob can say "s'nice" effectively.

DRAMATIST: *Bob*, did you say? I was putting "s'nice" into Ernie's lines.

IMPRESARIO: Then you must alter it all through.

DRAMATIST: But I thought that Ernie——

IMPRESARIO (*tiredly*): Oh, don't let's have a long argument about it. Every time I commission you to write a sketch you raise this same difficulty. Does Bob top the bill, or does he not?

DRAMATIST: Yes, but——

IMPRESARIO: Very well, then, put "s'nice" into his lines.

DRAMATIST: But what am I to do for Ernie?

IMPRESARIO: I don't know—you're supposed to be writing this sketch, not me. Why not let Ernie stutter? Now what are you doing about a racing joke?

DRAMATIST: I'm polishing up a good one about Simple Simon.

IMPRESARIO (*doubtfully*): Why not Tishy?

DRAMATIST: Hasn't there been enough of Tishy?

IMPRESARIO: Well, try the other horse if you like as a novelty What about your ending?

DRAMATIST: I've had a brainwave. Bob spots a woman a long way off putting out her washing to dry. At this point I let Bob and Ernie be funny on equal terms.

IMPRESARIO: Splendid, splendid!

DRAMATIST: The woman is hanging out her underclothing in the orchard. Bob says he didn't know she had so many pears. (*Hearing no chuckle from the Impresario, anxiously*) I say, did you catch that about the pears—the double meaning?

IMPRESARIO: Yes, yes. It's making me smile. By the way, the scene being Nelson's Column, oughtn't there to be some reference to it?

DRAMATIST: I am afraid I never thought of that. How would it be if I bring in the line somewhere, "And that's how Nelson lost his eye"?

IMPRESARIO: I can always rely on you! Let me have it tomorrow for a run-through. Goodbye. (*Quickly*) Oh, are you there? Look here, that racing joke—I should feel much happier in my mind if you make it about Tishy after all.

BY BEVAN PETMAN

"NOW WHERE'S THAT (K)NUT!"

L

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THE JAPANESE FIGURE

QUEER little lady from old Japan,
With almond eyes and open fan,
Often I gaze at you, time to beguile,
Watching your fixed and inscrutable smile.
What do you know of the secret things
Life and Love carry on golden wings?
Lady from far Chrysanthemum Land,
Those almond eyes seem to understand.
My secrets I'll whisper, while you listen well
And I know, little lady, that you'll never tell.

M. T.

BY ALBERT BAILEY

THE CA

BY JUAN DE SIRRA

CAPTIVE

FOUR VARIATIONS ON A FEMININE THEME

LADY ANGELA ("TUFTY") HEADINGFAUGH

By Bonnington Snooper, R.A. Lady Angela is a much accomplished lady, having two books to her credit. Mr Snooper has depicted her holding the latest of these, "Tendrills of Tenderness," which was published by her brother-in-law. She also paints herself. This portrait has been bought by Mr. James Goldstock for two thousand guineas

LADY ANGELA ("TUFTY") HEADINGFAUGH

By Mr. M. O. Glooping, R.A. She is here seen on Highty Tighty III, Sir Charles Monger's Goodwood Cup candidate. Sir Charles, who will, of course, be remembered as the efficient head of the Ministry of Fats, received a knighthood in 1919. Sir Charles has bought this excellent canvas for the sum of three thousand guineas

LADY ANGELA ("TUFTY") HEADINGFAUGH

By Rhomboff, who founded the Azurist school in Paris before the War. Rhomboff has always something new to say, and has attempted to portray the enigma one is to oneself. His aims are purely metaphysical and one certainly has the impression that M. Rhomboff, at any rate, must know what he is painting. This was bought by an admirer of his work for two hundred thousand francs

IMPRESSIONS BY JOHN GORDGE

LADY ANGELA ("TUFTY") HEADINGFAUGH

By Alexander Hurry, the rising young English realist. This has been described on one occasion as a *tour de force* of representational painting. Unfortunately, it was destroyed on the eve of sending-in day of the Academy by the outbreak of a slight fire which occurred in the loft of the Duke of Damingham's town house. It is satisfactory, however, to learn that it was insured for two pounds ten shillings and sixpence

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"He thought it in the worst taste to put such a notice in the smoking-room"

ON BEHALF OF CHARITY

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustrations by W. E. WIGHTMAN

WATERFORD stood reading the notice which had been placed unobtrusively among some magazines on a table.

"PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS. Passengers are informed that Professional Gamblers are reported as frequently crossing in Atlantic steamers, and are warned to take precautions accordingly."

He thought it in the worst taste to put such a notice in the smoking-room for all the first-class passengers to read, and wondered if it would be left there the whole voyage. Not that he cared personally; he had had a capital outward voyage, and meant to have a quiet trip home, he did not want to kill the goose entirely.

"Bring me a gin and bitters, George," he told the smoking-room steward.

"Very good, Mr. Waterford."

The smoking-room steward knew the man in the check suit well. For that matter so did the Purser and the First Officer, who had been on another of the Company's vessels, which had carried Mr. Waterford on one of his journeys between London and New York.

Waterford himself wondered just how well they knew him. He had been working the line for two years now—very discreetly—four trips a year in connection with an entirely mythical business in New York. Mythical, because Waterford's one and only business was cards. He was one of the finest card players that ever sat into a poker game. If necessary, he could manipulate a pack, but he usually relied on his skill, and it was for this reason the Company had never been able to get anything definite against him—to their great annoyance, for such as he were really pests on a passenger liner.

Every voyage he made a killing, selecting and plucking his victim with cold deliberation. People like Waterford did the line no good. The Company would have given a lot to have been able to refuse him a ticket. If they could only get one thing against him—one substantial complaint—it would be enough. But as he always worked alone, and had never been caught cheating, this was difficult.

The steward brought Waterford's gin and bitters. Waterford gave the man a friendly smile and a big tip. It was one of his rules to stand well with all the servants on a boat.

"Many going over this trip, George?"

"Quite a few, Mr. Waterford, considering it is so early in the year."

Waterford's eyes wandered across to the table where the newspapers were set. He observed a couple standing by; they were young, probably married. The woman was very expensively dressed, her furs alone must have cost hundreds. The old Adam stirred in him—why not just one little game, and then play no more during the voyage. A man whose wife wore furs like that must be rich.

He drank down his gin and bitters and handed the glass back to the steward.

"Who is the smart lady over there?"

The steward glanced backwards: "Mrs. Van Burlan,

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sir; that's her husband with her—you've heard of him? "

Waterford shook his head.

" He's the American gentleman that has got a horse entered for the Derby this year. I'd like to have a bit of the money 'e's got."

" Van Burlan, oil people, aren't they? "

" Lakes of it; that one over there is the son of the old man. I fancy his dad has kept him pretty hard at it. He was telling me just now this was his first trip to Europe."

"Van Burlan spread four jacks and the joker"

" Indeed! "

When the steward had gone Waterford lit a cigarette and looked across to where the young couple were standing. If he was going to do anything he had better act at once. He believed in getting in touch at the beginning of a voyage. Later people formed their own bridge sets and were more difficult to get hold of. He wished the fellow's wife would go away, it was difficult to go up and talk to a man you didn't know when his wife was with him.

A minute or two later his wish was fulfilled; the first dinner gong rang, and Mrs. Van Burlan left the smoking room.

Waterford got up and crossed to where Van Burlan stood by the table. He turned over two or three magazines.

" Not much to read on board, is there? " he remarked.

Van Burlan looked quickly at the stranger who had spoken to him. Waterford was a large, swarthy fellow, with a fine head of well brushed, black hair, evidently a man of education, if not of refinement.

" There's that." Van Burlan pointed to the notice warning passengers against professional gamblers.

Waterford laughed: " They always put that out at the beginning of a voyage; though really people ought to know by now."

" Are there many sharps travelling by these boats? "

" There are generally one or two. The Company officials know the regular ones by sight now pretty well, and if they see anyone playing with them drop a hint. Care for a drink before dressing? "

" Thanks," said Mr. Van Burlan.

They sat down and continued to discuss card-sharpers.

" The simplest thing to do if one is ever in doubt about a man one is playing cards with, is to ask the Purser," said Waterford, running his finger along his little bristly moustache.

" I should have thought it was simpler not to play with him at all."

" Well, that is the best; personally, I hate playing cards with strangers."

" I don't mind, so long as the points aren't too high; its passes the time." Van Burlan finished his cocktail. " As a matter of fact it would rather amuse me to play with a sharp, just for the experience. Have another before we dress? "

Waterford accepted another cocktail.

After dinner Waterford strolled into the smoking-room, saw the Van Burlans sitting by themselves, and getting a friendly smile from Van Burlan, walked over to them.

" May I introduce you to my wife. I am sorry—I did not catch your name."

" Waterford."

Waterford took out his case and handed Van Burlan his card:

Mr. James Waterford.

Speed Motors, Ltd.,
Long Acre, W.C.

He gave Mrs. Van Burlan a quick glance as he took her hand, and thought her a pretty, pampered-looking little thing.

" Difficult to know how to fill in time on board ship," said Van Burlan.

" Really there is nothing to do unless one plays cards; pity we can't get a four for a quiet game of bridge. There doesn't seem to be anyone about. Shall we play three-handed? "

(Continued on page 544)

Switzerland in Summer

THE FAMOUS HOSPICE AT THE SUMMIT OF THE ST. BERNARD PASS IN SUMMER

THE CASINO GARDENS, INTERLAKEN

Photographs *A.S.A.*

THE KAPELL-BRÜCKE, LUCERNE
The bridge dates from the Middle Ages and contains paintings inside the roof representing The Dance of Death

NEAR MONTREUX-TERRITET
One of the many beautiful wooded gorges behind Montreux

Few countries can offer to the holidaymaker such delightfully varied scenery as Switzerland in Summertime—possessing as it does white-capped mountains, the bluest of lakes, and the greenest of wooded valleys

(Continued from page 542)

"Mrs. Van Burlan doesn't play cards," said her husband.

"Play double dummy, if you like," Waterford suggested.

They played double dummy, at which Waterford lost 12*s.* 6*d.*; then they played a cold hand of poker to make it double or quits, and then, as invariably happens once one round of poker has been played, they sat down to play another.

Within five minutes they were engaged in the fascinating game of "freeze out," each with a few notes and a handful of silver in front of him.

It did not take Waterford long to discover that Van Burlan had all his countrymen's real love of the game; moreover, that he was a fine poker player; and he realised there would be little chance of beating him by skill. Well, he would have to "coax" the cards a bit, that was all; only there was not enough money on the table to make it worth while at present. He lost a "table stake" bet on an ace pot, and pulled out a roll of notes.

It was one of Waterford's rules always to pay with cash himself. This encouraged others to do the same thing, and eliminated the unpleasant possibility of stopped cheques.

"How much have you got there?" asked Van Burlan, as he saw the fresh money put up.

Waterford fingered the notes. "I don't know, I'm sure. I just pulled out what I had in my pocket."

"I'd better have the same amount."

"As you like." Waterford counted the notes. "I think I have about a couple of hundred pounds here."

"Making the game rather high, isn't it?"

Waterford made a motion to withdraw some of his money, but Van Burlan stopped him. "I don't mind; it is all the same to me."

Waterford supposed that a couple of hundred or a couple of thousand would be all the same to the son of the oil millionaire, but the money would be very useful to him if he could get it. He took a look round the smoking-room. The Purser had just come in; he was sitting at a table a little distance away and was watching the game. Curse the Purser! To-morrow he would be certain to drop a discreet hint in the ear of Van Burlan. He must make the killing that night; in fact, the sooner the better. Waterford gathered the cards to shuffle them; as he did so he took stock of the lie of the land.

'He came on dressed as a racecourse loafer . . . and gave an exhibition of the three card-trick"

Mrs. Van Burlan was sitting between himself and his opponent, rather too much over him to make things quite comfortable. However, he took a chance as he was shuffling and shot a couple of aces up his sleeve. Then he passed the pack over to Van Burlan to cut.

Van Burlan picked up the pack, facing the cards to him, and made to give them another shuffle.

"They are shuffled," Waterford said quietly. He had, in fact, arranged the cards to give Van Burlan three knaves.

Waterford dealt, slipped himself the other two aces from the bottom of the pack, and awaited developments.

"I'll play these," said Van Burlan.

"He's got fours, or a full," thought Waterford; "so much the better." He looked at his cards thoughtfully. "Well, I shall take three," he announced.

A glance to see if Mrs. Van Burlan was watching reassured him. She had half turned her back and was powdering her face.

"Your bet," he reminded Van Burlan. This was to make Van Burlan look down. As Van Burlan bent over the table Waterford let the other two aces glide down his sleeve.

By the merest chance he happened at the same time to look in Mrs. Van Burlan's direction, and, to his horror, saw that the mirror of her vanity bag was held so that it directly reflected his right hand. It was a bad moment. Had she seen anything? And, if so, was she spying intentionally? He must decide instantly what to do. It might be wisest to throw down his hand and say he did not want to bet.

Greed decided for him.

Van Burlan pushed out all his money. "I'll bet what I've got."

"How much is there?"

"Same as you—two hundred pounds."

Waterford looked again at Mrs. Van Burlan. She was sitting there looking just the same little bored, pampered pet she had done all the evening. Most unlikely she had been watching him; she didn't look that sort of person, and two hundred quid certain was a lot.

"I'll see you. Can you beat four aces?" Waterford's voice was triumphant. At best Van Burlan could only have four jacks.

(Continued on page 547)

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(Continued from page 544)

"Why, yes, with the joker." Van Burlan spread four jacks and the joker.

"Damn the joker!" Waterford slammed down the cards. He had forgotten the possibility of the joker; even if he'd remembered it, it would have made no difference; it was long odds against a fellow getting four of a kind and the joker, even though he had intentionally given him three.

They played no more that evening. Van Burlan quietly pocketed the money and said he had had enough. Waterford, with his already shaky reputation, dared not make a scene, but he resolved to get his own back the following evening.

However, the following evening Van Burlan again refused to play. His pretty, spoilt-looking little wife was sitting by him when Waterford went up to ask for his revenge. There was something in the expression in her eyes that the latter did not like—a sort of mocking twinkle. Had she seen something when she held up that hand-mirror? If so, it would account for Van Burlan's refusal to play with him again. Drat the little baggage! Waterford never did like women looking on when he was playing cards. They had much quicker eyesight than men.

He murmured something reproachfully about supposing the other man meant to keep his money, and turned to go.

"I won't keep your money," Van Burlan called after him; "I promise you that."

Waterford could not think what he meant.

The evening of the concert came. Van Burlan, as the most important man on board, was elected chairman. Amateur talent was discovered among the passengers. Among other items on the programme was "Mr. Van Burlan will entertain the company for a few minutes."

He certainly did entertain the company. He came on dressed as a racecourse loafer with an umbrella, and gave an exhibition of the three-card trick. It was not only good foolery, he was also extremely clever at handling the cards; then he did a few card tricks; held up three aces and palmed two; stroked the pack and produced any card he wanted.

As Waterford watched he at last understood what had happened that night.

"That fellow could have made his living as a conjuror," said Mr. Waterford's neighbour.

Mr. Waterford was still thinking. He remembered how Van Burlan had picked up the pack to give them another shuffle; that would be when he had done it. A millionaire, too! Mr. Waterford's blood began to boil. Dirty cheat!

"Ladies and gentlemen"—it was Van Burlan speaking—"thank you very much for your kind applause. Allow me to take this opportunity, as chairman of our concert to-night, to remind you that a collection is to be made afterwards for the Disabled Seamen's Home. This is a very deserving charity, to which I hope you will all subscribe. To open it I have great pleasure in announcing that I have already received £200 from a gent . . . ah . . . a donor who wishes to remain anonymous."

A murmur of surprise ran round the room at this large sum.

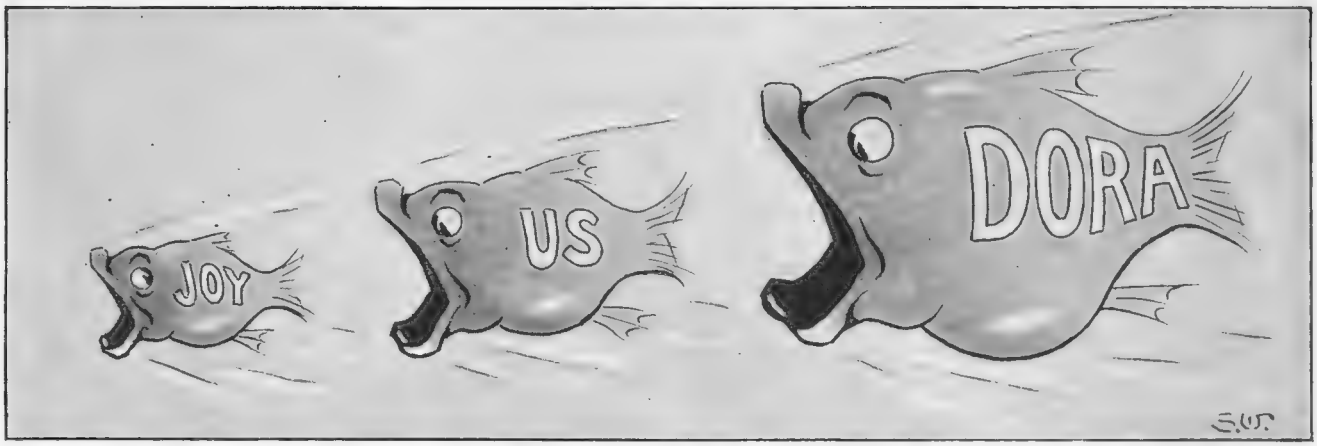
"Gave it himself, I expect," whispered the man next to Mr. Waterford. "Well, he can afford to."

Mr. Waterford did not answer; in getting up to go he knocked over three chairs. A. M.

A STAR OF LONDON CABARET

G. Mannell

Miss Nancy Logan, who is in the new cabaret which Davy Burnaby is presenting every evening at the Piccadilly Hotel. She sings songs which Wolsey Charles accompanies at the piano



By Starr Wood

JUST ONE DAM THING AFTER ANOTHER
The swallow that makes our summer

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

Last week Epsom was said to be the gayest little town in the kingdom. Certainly there was a lot of course humour there.

. . . . .

Yet Epsom is not always merry. It has its ups and Downs.

. . . . .

Last Wednesday many golfers backed a certain horse because they wanted to be on the Fairway to success.

. . . . .

"Barbara, this sock isn't mended properly."

"Well, it's darned nearly."

. . . . .

Bigamy is stated to be on the increase. We cannot imagine why a man should want to serve two masters.

. . . . .

"Jones is the meanest man I ever met."

"Yes, he never opens his mouth except at another's expense!"

. . . . .

At the end of a first-night performance last week there were the usual calls for "Author." The play really calls for charity.

. . . . .

During a cricket match last Saturday at Norwich, while attempting a catch, point violently collided with cover-point. The fieldsman should have remembered that it was a cricket fixture, not a point-to-point meeting.

From a Communist paper:—"Our party intend to put all our cads on the table."

That table will have to be a mighty big one.

. . . . .

A resident, living in London,
Exclaimed, "Lots of things I've left undone.
And I've nothing to pay
My landlord to-day,
And so—let that horrible dun dun!"

. . . . .

Mr. Stephen Donoghue recently rode 108 consecutive losers. We can comfort him by our assurance that we have backed more than that amount.

By Norman Pett

A FALL IN STERLING

Passenger (*to seaside airman*): "I—er—can't settle with you now. You see, all the money fell out of my pockets that time you looped-the-loop!"

Hard Luck

I bore the splendid news to Jock McTavish
(An Aberdonian, dour, and dark, and deep),
I said, "My tale your eager ears will ravish;
You've won the first prize in our Ascot sweep!"

But did his bosom swell with exultation?
Was his Scots heart inordinately stirred?
Did he display the least exhilaration?
Nay, none of these phenomena occurred.

Instead, no fellow ever looked forlorner,
Weird words he mumbled, and his gaze was strange,
Just as a child's who's put into the corner.
Cowed as a cur who's stricken with the mange.

I said to him, "Come, Jock, what is the trouble?
What better news could any fellow have?"
But only came from him a sort of bubble,
Only there came this bubble from McTav.:

"Ma frien', there's only one I lay the blame on,
And that's mesel', but oh, it leaves me sore:
I took twa tickets in the sweep, and eh, mon.
What did I buy the other ticket for?"

. . . . .

Scotsmen are said to be peculiarly susceptible to hay fever. Therefore, as Burns nearly wrote, "Scots, 'ware hay!"

BY STAN TERRY

BACK TO METHUSELAH!

SOCIAL FOUR-FLUSHING

By GUY RAMSEY *Illustrations by EILEEN ROBEY*

"'I do not propose to take up the time of the court,' said my friend, 'with any legal arguments'"

To hold one's own at dinner parties in this age of specialisation is becoming rapidly more and more impossible every day. One murmurs "Have you seen 'The Yellow Claw' at the Frivolity?" in an affable way to the girl on one's left, to be crushed with the retort: "The psychology is terrible, and the handling of exits is crude in the extreme." One retires, hurt (in one's self-esteem), and attacks the lady on one's right: "Campbell did jolly well the other day, didn't he?" "Yes," replies a rouged and powdered damozel, who apparently has nothing on her head but her Eton crop, "but if his ignition had been tuned with a Hooziz mag., and he had opened up fifty yards before he did, he'd have got another five point two miles out of the old bus."

If, on the other hand, one asks the play-going question of the Eton crop and the motoring question of the dramateur, one is snubbed with: "I never go to the theatre," or "Mechanics are so messy."

Life is, in fact, a curse to the average man who, in the words of one of the Sitwells in "Who's Who," has been to Eton and Oxford, and is (presumably as a consequence) mainly self-educated.

But the difficulty can be overcome. I impart this as a great secret, for to it I owe many free dinners. "*Do* let's ask that funny man with the bald head," say my hosts, "he can talk on anything." "What, *him?*" say my hostesses, regardless of the niceties of grammar. "Can he talk?"

And the conversation at, say, a literary party goes like this:

Me: Have you read "The Murder in Oxford Circus?"

She: Good Lord, why not read something decent? Murders are so common.

NOTE.— To four-flush is a term derived from the American national card-game—poker. It consists in making an opponent believe one holds a hand consisting of five cards of one suit—a valuable hand—when in truth one holds but four—a worthless combination. Hence it is a synonym for a far-fetched bluff.*

Me: Ah! Are you one of those who merely take the critic's views of a novel? And condemn a detective story merely because it *is* one? What a pity.

She: But a *detective* story!

Me: My dear lady, Stendhal did not condemn a detective story; nor did Zola. Nor did Conan Doyle. Nor does Wal—I should say Wazinsky.

She (suspiciously): Who?

Me: Wazinsky. (Firmly) Wazinsky. (With bland superiority) Surely you know Wazinsky? His gift of colour is superb. His "The Moils of Vodka" is the finest novel that has emanated from Soviet Russia.

As no one ever remembers an author, let alone a book, one is quite safe; for Stendhal is *démodé* these days; Zola is *vieux jeu;* Doyle no one is ignorant of; and Wazinsky does not exist.

Or again, at a gathering of enthusiastic speed merchants:

She: If Campbell had had a Hooziz magneto and revved up two hundred yards sooner, he'd have got more out of the Blue Bird.

Me: Surely you're wrong. The centripetal force would have been thereby increased, and I don't need to tell you that the formula is, assuming n to represent the speed at a given moment, $g=x(\cos.\ \text{infinity})$ all over the square root of n to the minus seventy-nine. In consequence, had he revved up, or increased his thermostatic pressure, or even retarded his spark, he'd have decreased his absolute pace, as opposed to his speed relative to the movement of the earth by, let me see, point nine two five recurring of one mile per solar year.

Thereafter, the lady is crushed—and small wonder!

Or consider a question of a medical group:

He: An interesting case of mental retrogression, the other day——

Me: Really? Anything like the famous one von Heberstein chronicled in 1791, supposed to have been superinduced by the excesses of the French Revolution?

"'*Do* let's ask that funny man with the bald head'"

He: What was that? I've—no, not forgotten it, but it has escaped me for the moment.

Me: Surely not! It's a classic. A young Russian, domiciled in Paris, with the characteristic morbidity of the Slav, gradually retrogressed so fast that he had to have his daily chocolate fed to him through a bottle, and he diminished in size so swiftly that the physicians in attendance—de Camembert was called in to give an opinion—were terrified that he would go back to the stage immediately preceding birth. To-day, of course, it would have been traced to a Clytemnestra complex. Obviously.

He: Oh, obviously.

The basis of my system (which, believe me, works in the most astonishing way) is to anticipate an assumption of knowledge on the part of my *vis-à-vis,* which no one will willingly dissipate, so vain are human beings. I passed it on to a barrister of my acquaint-

(continued on page 552)

"My dear, we've got stalls, *do* come . . . We'll go on after . . . the band is heavenly . . . Oh yes, I'm going to Joan's wedding. That's the fourth this week. No, Michael's down at Ranelagh . . . the Horse Show to-morrow. Isn't it exhausting? Michael says he'd never get through the Season if it wasn't for Worthington. I think I'll have to try it, too . . . "

(Continued from page 550)

ance, who had afterwards to defend an obviously guilty firm in a case arising under a recent Act. There was a question of preservative being introduced into a substance which ought not to have been there. His defence was based on my system from beginning to end.

"I do not propose to take up the time of the court," said my friend, "with any legal argument. I feel sure I have only to recall to the Bench the elementary facts of chemical law, which, in the pressure of their busy life, have slipped their memory. It is a well-established fact, as you will all, I am sure, remember, that this preservative, $B_2O_{17}H_{35}$, to quote it scientifically, is a natural product of any goods of this class when they are kept for some period in storage. It is, in fact, one of Nature's preservatives, and one can no more stop its formation and generation in such bales of foodstuffs—even though an Act has passed through Parliament prohibiting it—than one can stay the waves of the sea. I feel sure the prosecution was animated by the most laudable of legal motives, but its ignorance of fundamental natural laws —an ignorance which I am sure the Bench and the jury do not share—was responsible for this action."

Case dismissed.

If it is a question of an historical fact, or the attribution of a quotation to a correct author, the system also works. If, for example, anyone asks the date of the Battle of Hastings, one immediately says 1915 or 234, or any number that comes into one's head. If there be some well-informed person at the table who recalls the date 1066, one laughs amusedly, saying: "Oh, that battle. No historian would dream of regarding that small skirmish as nearly so important as the constitutional question that was decided by force of arms at Hastings in —— the date one has mentioned. Surely you have not fallen into that old trap?" If one is but one year out one refers to the change in the calendar, and mutters, "Give us back our eleven days."

"And if angels are anything like humans, I shall get into heaven"

Or if one is asked who wrote the line, "To be, or not to be," one should immediately say the first author that comes into one's head —preferably an early one. For instance, "Dekker." Some unpleasantly accurate person may query this, suggesting, according to his theories, Bacon or Shakespeare. You smile and say: "Of course, but he stole it with all his other things. Dekker wrote the line five years before." If, on the other hand, you suggest that Byron wrote it, and you are taxed with Shakespeare, you can say: "But it occurs in Canto XIV of 'Don Juan' —quoted from Shakespeare, I admit, but that is the last occasion on which it has been used by any poet in a quasi-creative sense."

Anyway, here is the system—for what it is worth—which I estimate is £1,000 a year—in free meals.

And when I am confronted with the Recording Angel I shall say: "But surely, under the charter granted to Noah, and by Malachi 10, v and vi, it is obvious I am destined for a harp rather than a toasting fork."

And if angels are anything like humans I shall get into heaven.

G. R.

THE LAST STAND OF WINTER *Osk. Hari*

The late Spring or early Summer is always a season of fascinating beauty in Switzerland. As the snow retreats higher up the mountain sides it is followed by an invasion of Alpine flowers until a blaze of colour replaces the mantle of dazzling white. This photograph was taken in the Bernese Oberland, at Kandersteg

South Africa

ATTRACTIVE TOURS

SPECIAL TOURS are being organised to South Africa during the European Summer from June to August. This period covers the Southern Winter and offers splendid opportunities for visiting, under ideal weather conditions, the Victoria Falls, the picturesque Low Country and wonderful Game Reserves of the Transvaal, the Drakensberg, and the delightful coastal areas of Natal, including Durban at the zenith of its Winter Season.

For sportsmen these tours provide the additional lure of excellent hunting and shooting, while the interest and attractions of the South African Winter Season will be heightened this year by a series of Test Matches between the famous All Black (New Zealand) and Springbok (South African) Rugby Football Teams.

Concessionary rates are granted by the South African Government Railways for parties of eight or more persons travelling together, and special excursions at reduced fares are being arranged by the various Steamship Lines plying to the Cape and Natal.

For full particulars of tours apply :—The Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

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—Nancy Pawley

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P. 488

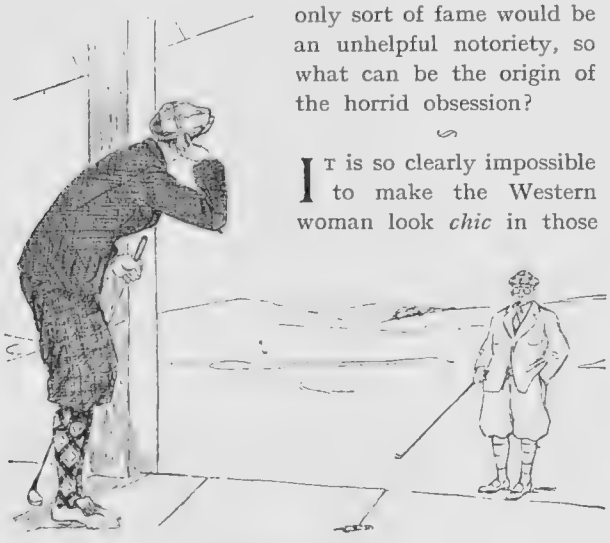
PARISIANA

By "RENÉ"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

THE threat to put women in trousers is again spreading from the mysterious circles where they rule upon such things in secret conclave. One would really like to know the motive which inspires the periodical revival of this monstrosity. Some people are said to work for gain and others for fame, but it must be some very weird kind of "drive" that impels the hobgoblin of the trousered skirt. It can't be gain, as the public for feminine "breeks" is obviously limited. And the only sort of fame would be an unhelpful notoriety, so what can be the origin of the horrid obsession?



"Take it . . ."

IT is so clearly impossible to make the Western woman look *chic* in those baggy, balloony things which the designers have in mind, and the frightfulness of which they try to disguise under the insinuating name of "divided skirts." Their only appropriateness is in lands where rotundity is still considered an adjunct to beauty. If the perpetrators of the *pantalon* aimed at something like the Court breeches, something shapely done in silk or satin, instead of the voluminous folds of the Zouave, then it is conceivable that some very smart women might be able to carry them off well.

YET even then I don't think there would be much financial success for the dressmakers, for I am assured—on the best authority—that the specialists in *lingerie* would be able to do them much better. *En effet*, such a departure might very well be disastrous for the dressmakers. It might then be discovered that there was no need for frocks. We must see what Baron Maurice de Waleffe thinks about this. It is a point he appears to have ignored in his great breeches campaign.

"Like the Court breeches . . ."

"When the *garçon* missed his step"

ANOTHER vestimentary conflict is also agitating Paris, but this is associated with entirely different circles. From these circles is resounding the agonising cry of "A bas l'habit noir. Vive le rondin blanc." It is not, *bien entendu*, the *habit noir* of Society that is aimed at in this bitter war-cry. That, in Paris, seems to be dying an easy death, being gradually supplanted in local affection by the less harassing—for awkward figures—dinner jacket, or *smokaanje*. In this case it is the restaurant-waiters who wish to promote themselves from the sombre to the cheerful. They wish to cast away the funereal black claw-hammer and appear in brisk and "snappy" white coats like the barmen.

THERE is, let us readily agree, much to be said in favour of this revolutionary proposal. Speaking from the point of view of those miserly millionaires who have often been mistaken for waiters on account of their ten-year-old dress-suit, there is clearly the need for a distinguishing mark between Servonstein and servitor. But there is not only this. The waiter's black uniform—for that is what it is—can be very disagreeable, to say the least. In the exclusive restaurants or the very expensive hotels there is no risk of this, as the *garçons* are so highly remunerated by lavish "tipping" that they can afford a whole wardrobe of dress-suits. And they are usually more skilful with their hands and in the placing of their feet—and footwork means as much to a waiter's dress-suit as it does to a tennis player's smashes.

BUT in the other hotels and restaurants, even in many

of those which could rightfully claim to be included in the second class, it is not at all an uncommon experience to see the front of a waiter's uniform recalling last week's *potage Saint Germain* or last month's *selle de l'agneau*, the pea soup or the lamb gravy having splashed when the *garçon* missed his step coming up from the *cuisine*, or foot-faulted around the extended leg of a client. And you can hardly blame these waiters, who have not enough out of their income to spare for a weekly cleaning and pressing. Some of them, in fact, have only the one dress-suit, which means that the stains become truly venerable.

S

COULD they but wear a white linen coat this unpleasantness which, we learn, agonises the self-conscious waiter even more than it disturbs the client, would be avoided, as such coats can be very easily and cheaply washed. The rank and file of the *garçons de restaurants* are therefore insisting on the change, but old-fashioned proprietors are opposing it on the grounds of tradition. The customers ought to rise up in their hosts and throw their weight in the scales in favour of the white and blameless.

YOU remember P. G. Wodehouse's story of the apparently hopeless golfer who became a scratch player after purchasing an extraordinarily vivid pair of plus fours which compelled him to concentrate on the ball? I have just run up against a somewhat similar

"Those baggy balloony things"

accident. The culprit was a well-known player from Walton Heath who was holidaying on the Paris courses and had been somewhat off his game. A rather cocksure Parisian, who had made up a four at his own invitation, became rather condescending when he was three up at the third. Then a ladybird settled on the left knee of the Waltonian and would not budge. There is something fascinating about a ladybird on the left knee, and it makes you keep your head down. The Waltonian did not miss another shot!

S

ANOTHER recent golfing episode concerns an Anglo-American conflict. The American was one of those irritating players who "claim" everything. The Englishman had a six-inch putt and, being a sound putter, knew he was not likely to miss, so he tapped the ball in with the back of the club. It struck the back of the cup and jumped out, whereupon the American immediately said, "I claim the hole." A little later the Englishman, cross with himself because he had failed to get out of a bunker in two shots, threw down his niblick in disgust. The American at once cried, "I claim the hole." Then the Englishman, thoroughly angry, retorted, "Take it. Take all the holes. I'm for the clubhouse."

RENÉ.

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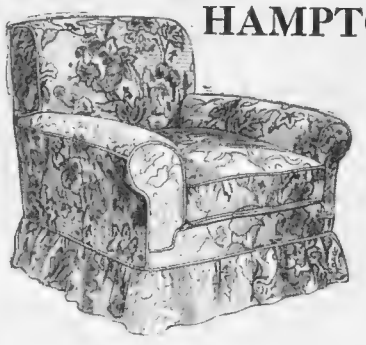

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Are We Middle-Aged?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by NORMAN KEENE*

"Where you can go and bathe in the very latest water-frocks"

LONDON, *June* 11.

DEAR COUSIN,

SOMEONE'S been suggesting there should be what they call a swimming pool for London like the one they have at the Lido, in Paris. You know, lovely place where you can go and bathe in very latest (and possibly daringest) water-frocks, and any time of the day, too, or rather night. In fact, combined supper and swim is the actually most modish mode. Go in after the evening's show and proceed to plunge before you eat. Can you imagine anything more utterly divine? After the theatre especially—such a lot of the plays (no names mentioned) do rather make you want to have a spot of exercise and a good wash, what? But I suppose in *la belle Angleterre* there won't be anything much doing, will there? Takes youngish people to get a show like that across, and here we do seem to be still somehow or other run by the elderly ones—who *are* so terribly afraid of draughts and all that sort of thing, are not they?

ARE we, I wonder, as someone else has been saying, just a little bit middle-aged—as a nation, of course, I mean? Terribly young, of course, some of us, and always will be s'long as Nature goes along her usual course, and so on. But aren't we sometimes, even the very youngest of us, just a shade occasionally, and even as a habit, too orderly and obedient to the Powers that Be and ancient tradition that what was good enough for Nelson is good enough for us, or words to that effect? *E.g.* and *par exemple,* isn't it just a little odd and strange that an open-air people like us (or should it be we?) should have submitted all these years to having to be boxed up indoors in stuffy little restaurants and clubs and pubs whenever we want (as poor weak human nature occasionally does want) to indulge in even the most innocent of *apéritifs* or *pousse-cafés,* or even the unassailably innocuous *café* itself?

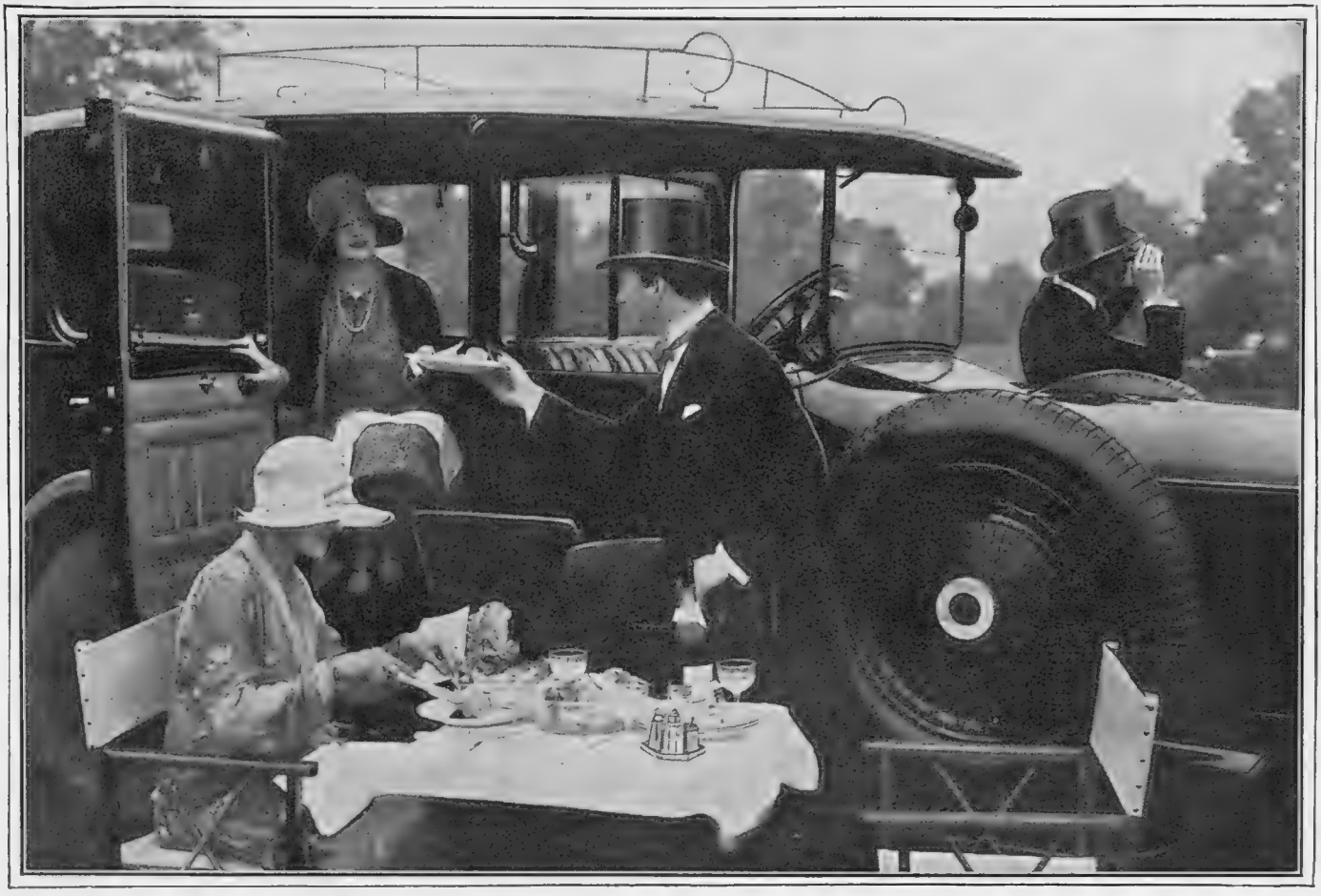
SEEING, I mean, that at the Café de la Paix in Paris, or the Nazionale in Rome, and lots of others that are infinitely respectable, you'll see any afternoon, rain or shine, masses of all the best (as well as less good) people sitting out at nice little tables in the open air (with suitable awning above in case of accidents) talking over the day's affairs, and thoroughly enjoying themselves, what's more. Buzz of talk, meetings of friends, introductions, compliments, arguments, etc., and all at about a bob or two a time, including tip to waiter. Whereas here if anyone desires (as said p.w.h.n. *does* now and then desire) some slight refreshment, even of the very purest kind, he or she's hustled away into some sort of closed up compartment, whether it's a bar or a teashop or the luxurious lounge of the Saveloy or Splitz. And at prices, mark you, dear cousin, every bit as stuffy as the environment.

"Even nursemaids have been seen smoking"

EH bien (said she, knowing the language), *à bas le moyen âge!* And especially in this particular period of the year, when it is, after all, Summer—or something dashed like it. Sad thing being, though, you know, that so many of us (or should it be we?) cold-hearted English don't even begin to believe in its *being* Summer until it's too late and the weather's changed its mind. Gather ye Summer while ye may, is *my* motto, and don't you forget it. Let's be summery, even if the rain pours and the hail falls, for the Winter cometh when no woman

(*Continued on page* 560)

BY APPOINTMENT



WINNING SMILES AT ASCOT

Backing a winner is by no means the least important of the day's proceedings when one goes to Ascot. But there are other things besides horses. Clothes—the latest creations of London and Paris—the country in June—luncheon and of necessity—

Cerebos
SALT

(Continued from page 558)

can wear her summer frocks, even if sun shines ever so dazzlingly.

BUT, talking of this summer idea, I really do believe it must have arrived even on these so thoroughly conservative shores. Because, for one thing, the Channel swimmers 've begun to start their so-called training—and do you know I do believe, and have heard that quite a lot of them do actually try, and even possibly succeed, in their singularly silly, self-imposed task. Which I do hope doesn't sound too terribly *brusque*, but, after all, seeing it's once, not to say half a dozen and more times, been proved it can be done, what exactly *are* all the others wanting to do it for except to advertise themselves, which I'm sure is quite unthinkable! I mean, such lots of nice Channel boats going across every day and back if you only want to get there, and am told really quite a lot cheaper in the end, what with trainers' fees and whatnot.

M.P.s are back—another sign of summer, because you know, after all, unless they're there we can't have tea on the Terrace, which is one of the joys of the so-called Season. But they don't have half enough fresh air, the poor things, it's said, so it's hoped some-

"A proper course of physical jerks and skipping"

one will really take the matter in hand and provide them with a proper course of physical jerks and skipping, etc., so's to keep them up to the mark. And, also, for our sakes, of course, 'cos you never know what a really livery M.P. might do in the way of legislation, do you? Cut out *all* night clubs and make us wear our skirts right down to the ankle, and limit us to only about four new frocks a year. . . . Oh, help!

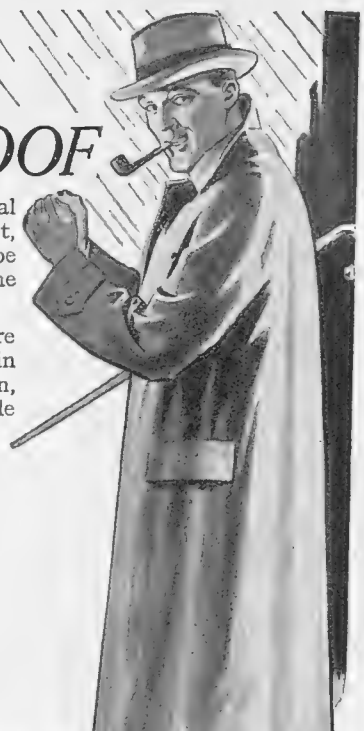
A FAINT perfume of holidays, of course, there is in this summer idea—a sniff, a scent of happy days to come. But even here in London now already we begin, meseems, to give a fairly good or passable imitation thereof. We row on the Serpentine—yes, all the best people, including a real duke and Mr. Epstein, and even nursemaids have been seen smoking in Kensington Gardens while presiding over their prams. Words *have* been whispered, too, of a record strawberry crop, that soon no doubt will reach us at a small profit of 200 per cent. or so. And the *Toc H Annual* has been published, which is one of the most gloriously and summerily frivolous affairs yet seen, though all for a rather wonderful war fund run by that rather wonderful Rev. P. B. Clayton, of Toc H, commonly known to friends and others as "Tubby."

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

A TRUSTY WATERPROOF



Isn't it reassuring to have a real Waterproof Coat, a smart well-cut, trim garment that can always be depended upon whatever the weather?

The "Shaftesbury" illustrated here is a good-looking coat, made in Double Texture Dark Fawn Canton, Super Rubber-proofing and suitable for all occasions, in any climate.

Get one to-day in readiness for the holidays. It will give you many years of good service.

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"THERMOPYLAE"

MODEL BY

FRANK H. MASON

The Sporting Gallery announces the production of an exquisite model of the famous Tea Clipper "THERMOPYLAE." This piece has been made in answer to repeated requests for a true model of one of the old sailing ships which should do justice to the grace and beauty of the original vessel, and at the same time be within reach of a moderate purse. Mr. Mason's model, an excellent example of this well-known craftsmanship and "sea-sense," admirably fulfils these requirements, alike in its fine proportions and beautiful finish and detail. Twenty-five reproductions only are for sale, and each will be numbered and signed. The price is Twenty Guineas (packing and transport extra), and orders will be executed in strict rotation.

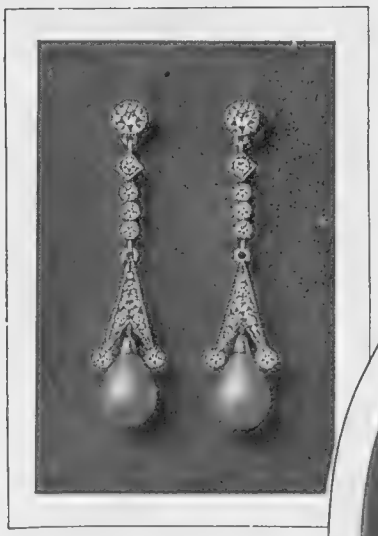
An example can be seen in the remarkable Exhibition of Ship Models now being held in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

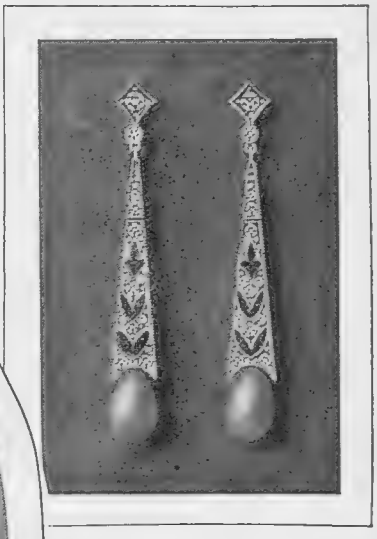
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

MASTERPIECES OF JEWEL CREATION

Where Fashion gathers to-day, there you will see CIRO Jewels being worn; Jewels that complete the harmony of the toilette and add the final touch of *chic*.

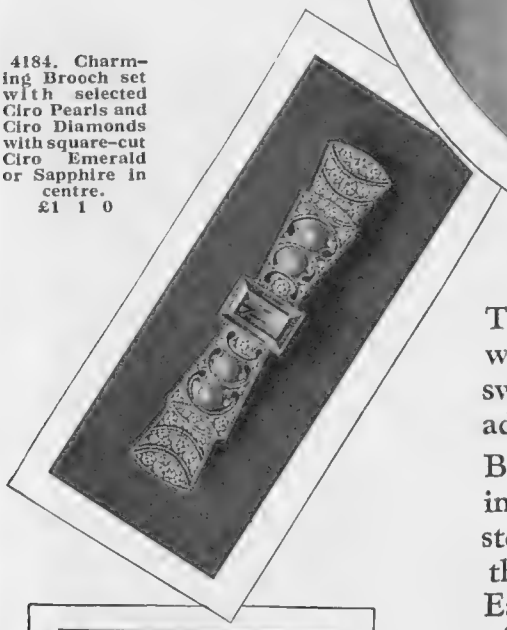


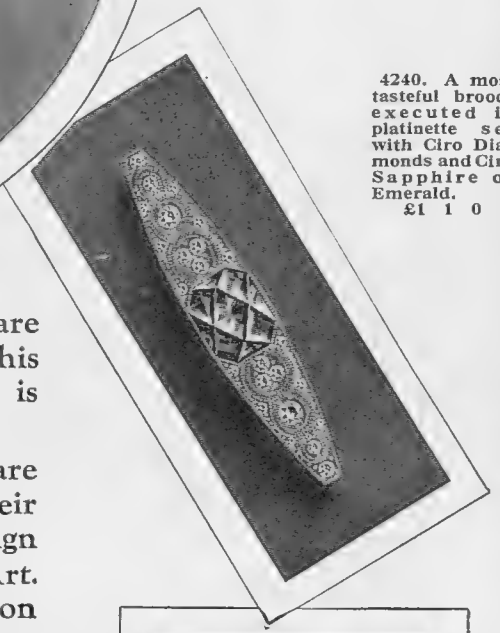
1065. Earrings of novel pattern. Selected Ciro Pearl mounted with Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
£1 1 0 per pair.



1066. Selected pear-shaped Ciro Pearls mounted with Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
£1 1 0 per pair.

4184. Charming Brooch set with selected Ciro Pearls and Ciro Diamonds with square-cut Ciro Emerald or Sapphire in centre.
£1 1 0





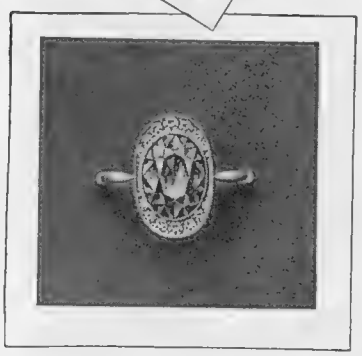
4240. A most tasteful brooch executed in platinette set with Ciro Diamonds and Ciro Sapphire or Emerald.
£1 1 0

To-day, Jewels produced by Ciro are worn by the smartest women, and this swift-moving fashion in Jewellery is adding a new charm to existence.

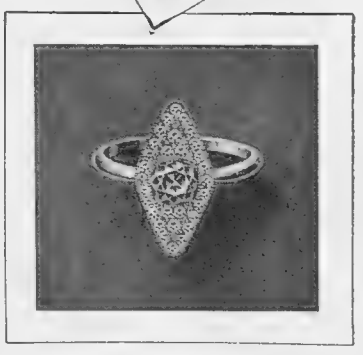
But make no mistake: Ciro Jewels are imitations only in the sense that their stones are not precious stones. In design they show the highest attributes of Art. Each is a masterpiece, in the creation of which is expended talent that is setting the jewellery style for the whole world; and these masterpieces are offered to you at a really low figure.

Write for Illustrated Booklet No. 7 of

Ciro Pearls AND JEWELLERY



5073. Ring with faultlessly cut Ciro Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby, surrounded by Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
£1 0 0



5028. Elegant Marquise ring. The Ciro Emerald, Ruby or Sapphire is surrounded by Ciro Diamonds set in platinette.
£1 1 0

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The portrait shows a Ciro Hat Ornament and Necklet of Ciro Pearls. Model Hat by Rose Bertin

A Bouquet of Weddings and

Hay Wrightson

MISS ELIZABETH EARDLEY-WILMOT

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eardley-Wilmot, of Raylands Mead, Gerrards Cross. Her marriage to Mr. Cyril Holland Shakerley-Ackers will take place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on June 26

Central Press

A DERBY EVE WEDDING

Mr. F. Whitwell photographed leaving the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, with his bride, formerly Miss Georgina Whiteside. Mrs. Whitwell is the only daughter of the late Capt. Borras Whiteside and the Hon. Mrs. Borras Whiteside

Janet Jevons

MISS JOAN PEARS

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Pears, of New Chapel House, Lingfield, Surrey. She is engaged to Mr. William Shirley Worthington-Evans, son of Sir Laming and Lady Worthington-Evans

I.N.A.

A WEDDING IN IRELAND

Mr. S. R. Bell, of Belfast, photographed with his bride, Miss Nancy Blue, after their wedding at the Presbyterian Church, Belfast. The bridesmaids were appropriately dressed in blue and carried bouquets of bluebells and carnations

Hay Wrightson

AN ENGAGEMENT OF NOTE

The Hon. Anne Tufton, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Hothfield. She is engaged to Capt. Owen Tudor, of the 3rd King's Own Hussars, son of the late Admiral Tudor and Mrs. Tudor

Central News

LEAVING THE ORATORY

Mr. Edward Eyre, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Eyre, of New York and Gloucester House, Park Lane, photographed after his marriage with the Hon. Pelline Acton, daughter of the late Lord Acton and Lady Acton

Engagements in Leafy June

Hay Wrightson

A BRIDE OF THE WEEK

The Hon. Mrs. Nigel Orde-Powlett, whose marriage to Lord Bolton's heir took place on Monday of this week, June 11, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Villiers

Bassano

AT THE RECEPTION

Baron Victor De Stempel, the son of General Baron De Stempel, and his bride, formerly Miss Dawn Beaumont, photographed after their wedding at Brompton Oratory. The bride is the younger daughter of Mrs. Walter Dunkels and the late Captain Percy Beaumont

Hay Wrightson

MISS BARBARA JACOMB-HOOD

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacomb-Hood, of Calcutta, who is to be married on June 20 at Holy Trinity, Brompton, to the Hon. Somerset Butler. Her fiancé, who is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Carrick, is a twin brother of the heir, Lord Ikerrin

Ian Smith

A SCOTTISH WEDDING

Mr. Hugh M'Clure Gardner and his bride, Miss Elizabeth Kennaway, undergo the ordeal by confetti after their wedding at Auchterarder. Mr. Gardner is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gardner, of Caldercruix

Hay Wrightson

MISS ANGELA BROCKLEBANK

The only daughter of Sir Aubrey Brocklebank, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Brocklebank, whose engagement has been announced. Her fiancé is Mr. Digby Lawson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lawson

P.O. Collier and Eric Guy

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Lieutenant Heathcoat Grant, R.N., and his bride, formerly Miss Katharine Morrell, leaving St. Mary's Church, Streatley, after their wedding. The bridegroom is the son of Admiral Sir Heathcoat Grant and Lady Grant, of Broath, Nairn

Performance

£435
VICTORY SALOON—5 SEATER

The VICTO

BY DODGE

as different as the car itself

The performance of Dodge Brothers Victory Six has been justly labelled astonishing . . . spectacular . . . unparalleled . . . and directly you drive it you will agree.

Fifteen minutes at the wheel of this new and *beautiful* car will show you how Dodge Brothers have given a fresh meaning to the word *modern* as applied to motor cars.

You will marvel first at Victory steering ease. Here is "finger tip steering" made a literal fact. Victory's acceleration and speed will be a revelation—only in cars costing much more would you expect such lightning pick up and thrilling speed.

And when you have driven it over rough cobble roads at 35 m.p.h. in perfect riding comfort—when you have turned corners at 40 m.p.h. without sidesway—when you have felt that the car itself seems part of yourself—when you recollect that you have heard no chatter, no noise—then will you realise how very different *modern* moderate cost motoring can be with the Victory Six.

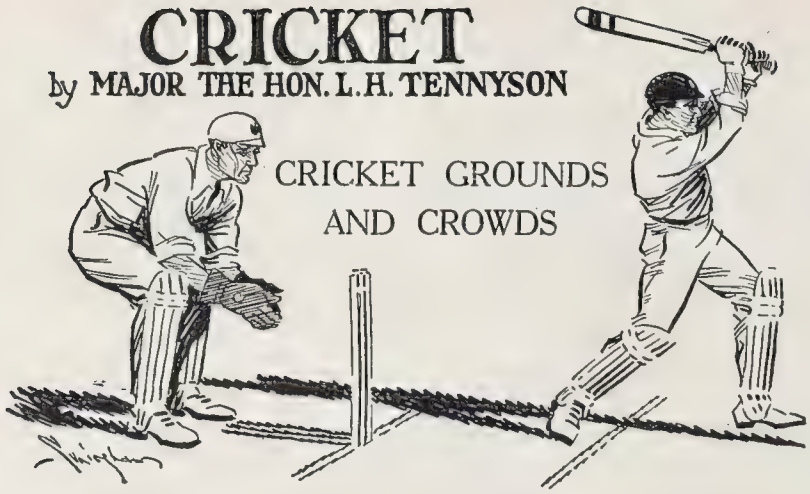
For the Victory *is* different, radically different in its construction . . . very different from any other car, irrespective of price. It is the only car of its kind in the world.

A fully illustrated descriptive booklet, clearly explaining the Victory's radical differences in construction and appearance is now ready. Address request direct to the factory for Catalogue V 4.

DODGE BROTHERS (BRITAIN) LTD.
Factory: North Acton, London, N.W.10.

CRICKET

by MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON



CRICKET GROUNDS AND CROWDS

One of the great advantages of playing first-class cricket is that one travels about and sees different places and different faces. It is extraordinary how much, even in a small island like ours, scenery and manners alter even in the space of a few miles.

Let me first say something about some London grounds, and, of course, Lord's, as the seat of the Marylebone Cricket Club, the "Holy of Holies" of the cricket world, must come first. All Londoners must surely be familiar with the vast red cricket pavilion, the glass doors, the tiers of galleries, the great flag floating by its side in the breeze, and the mountainous stands rising all round the perfect sward. What an agonising moment is one's first appearance on this historic spot, sacred with so many memories. Many really brilliant cricketers have never been able to overcome this ordeal. Hundreds of the most critical eyes in the world, trained to every artifice of the game, comment on your every stroke and movement, and though applause may be generous and unstinted, silence in the pavilion is not always golden. So vast is our Metropolis that those not actually sitting in the seats of the mighty are drawn from many districts and even different counties, so that their response to the varying turns of the game is not so homogeneous as one hears from some crowds elsewhere. Yet it is the ambition of every cricketer to play in the great game before a Lord's crowd, as it is representative of the whole cricket world.

Compared with Lord's the Oval is somewhat of a grim and businesslike place. The wicket itself is beyond all comparison and praise, and the field is a vast extent, but the towering gasworks with their peculiar aroma have not much romance about them, although the hearts of the flappers beat ecstatically at the sight of Fender leading out his merry men. The Oval crowd has its favourites, and is not afraid of showing either its appreciation or its disgust. It has been known to take a considerable vocal part in the game, and has required tactful handling, but it is a magnificent sight to see the ring thronged by tens of thousands on the day of a great match, with every eye on the game. It is wonderful to hear the storms of applause when some favourite, like Jack Hobbs, gets his hundred. If one is fortunate enough to have earned the Oval crowd's approval, it is a moment which makes one forget one's mortality.

Now a few words about the North. Every match on a Yorkshire ground is like a Test match. The crowd hates to see quarter given, though it is absolutely impartial in its applause. In Yorkshire, perhaps, are found the best and keenest judges of the game in the world. They appreciate not only the broad and striking excellences of the game, but its subtleties as well. Spectators and players are alike in the grim way in which they fight their county's battle, and their keenness to win is only equalled by their stubbornness in a crisis. Some years ago there was a famous Yorkshire bowler remarkable for the warmth of his language. The County happened to be playing a team which included a parson. The match was in a critical condition when the reverend gentleman came in to bat, and the Yorkshire skipper implored his fast bowler, whatever the turn of the game, to be careful of his language. At the fourth ball the parson's middle stump was sent flying, and the bowler in the exuberance of his delight at having probably saved the match by dismissing so fine a batsman cheaply, yelled at the top of his voice "There goes his —— pulpit." This triumphal exclamation was heard all around the ground, and even the parson laughed.

It is impossible to repress a Yorkshireman's will to conquer. Yorkshire grounds do not exactly appeal to the æsthetic eye, as they are all situated in industrial centres, but the wickets are perfect in dry weather, but when the rain comes down "God 'elp yer." Harrogate, where the ground is situated on a hill, is an exception. It is a marvellous tribute to Yorkshire sportsmanship that so many bath chairs, with invalids complete, watch every ball bowled.

Cross the border and you find yourself in Lancashire, and there you will see enthusiasm for the game equal to that which you have left behind you.

The Old Trafford ground is, in my opinion, next to Lord's, the finest in England, and has more seating accommodation than any other in the country. The light there has the reputation of becoming somewhat dim from the smoke from Manchester, but this does not happen very frequently. Certainly teams visiting us from the Dominions always think that the Old Trafford ground is incomparable, and have never been known to complain of the smoke as a disability. When Macdonald has rattled through a side, it may be perhaps that his victims have got their eyes full of coal dust—anyway, a good many have said so! The Lancashire crowds are enthusiastic to the core, and true sportsmen, and the team is set a fine example by its captain, Major Green.

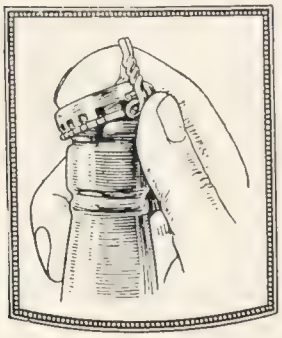
TAKING THE FIELD G.P.U.

The Cambridge University XI going out to field in their recent match at Cambridge against the Free Foresters. The old Cambridge Blue H. J. Enthoven made a fine century for the visitors

An old Scotch friend
—more readily yours

The WHISKY of HIS ANCESTORS

The
NEW CAP
so easy to open



— just lift the little lever

Yours to-day sealed with the New Cap. So easy to open — so convenient to use

No Corkscrew

DEWAR'S

Dickens Series. SAM WELLER (*Pickwick Papers*)

"BLACK & WHITE"

Renowned the World over for Age and Quality

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1, will be pleased to send a very beautiful reproduction of this Painting in colours, mounted on a sunk plate, size 12 ins. by 15½ ins., on receipt of stamps (3d.) to cover postage and packing.

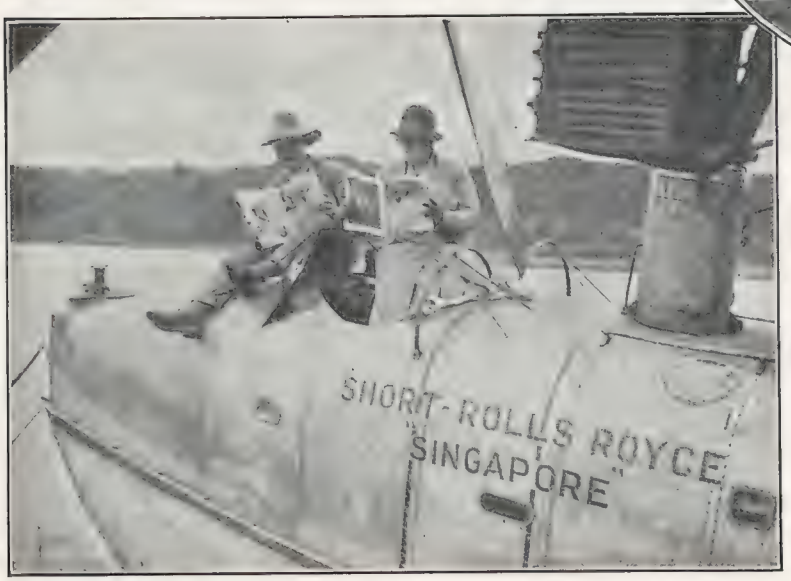
THE Cinque Ports Club has secured Major Colin Clarke, D.S.C., as chief instructor, and would like it to be known that there are vacancies for a few additional members. The Norfolk and Norwich Club report three more "A" licences, granted to Messrs. H. Mack, N. Brett, and R. F. Potter, who have therefore earned a bit of subsidy for their Club and the right to fly anywhere and everywhere for themselves.

The Blackpool Meeting on July 6 and 7, the organisation of which is in the hands of the Lancashire Aero Club, is going to be a really big affair for the clubs, with at least ten events in which light 'planes can take part. A special display will be given by Herr Gerhard Fieseler, the famous German pilot, whose upside-down stunts must be seen in order to be appreciated, it being impossible to describe exactly what he does or how he does it.

Italy is to be congratulated on creating two new international records, the one for endurance being carried to 58¾ hours, and that for distance over a closed circuit to 4,300 miles without a landing. The successful organisation of a flight by sixty flying boats round the Mediterranean shows what great strides have been made by the Regia Aeronautica under the able guidance of Signor Mussolini.

After a comparatively quiet period since Franco's great flight, Spain has again entered the lists, Jiminez and Iglesias having flown from Seville to Irak non-stop. Captain Kingsford-Smith, an Australian, has flown from San Francisco to Honolulu, and now we hear that Captain C. D. Barnard, one of our best cross-country pilots, is to attempt a flight to India and back in eight days on a Fokker-Bristol monoplane. All flights such as these, which have for their main object the acquisition of some record for a particular country, or which are intended to advertise the machine and engine, have also a result of far greater importance when facts and figures are used properly. General improvement in design, giving better performance, greater safety and more economical operation can be obtained only by exacting tests of this nature, and light 'planes have more to gain than any other type of machine. In a few years' time light 'planes will be as cheap as cars of equivalent accommodation, and actually cheaper to run when time saved is recognised generally as money saved.

Mr. Sanders-Clark, who received his Royal Aero Club certificate as a pilot on his seventeenth birthday, did his first solo on a "Moth" when he was fifteen and a half, and put in about seventy hours' solo during the next eighteen months of his schooldays. There never will be any pedestrians or chickens in the air, so that the average schoolboy is a far safer proposition in an aeroplane than on a motor cycle. Now that the "Reid" reaction apparatus has been proved accurate as a mechanical Selection Board for pilots, parents can see for themselves whether their children are likely to be safe in the air or not.



'WELCOME HOME!"

Two photographs taken on the recent tour of Sir Alan and Lady Cobham, who are now back in England. Above is seen Lady Cobham, who accompanied her husband throughout his successful 20,000 miles flight round Africa and acted as his secretary. On the left she is seen with Sir Alan on Lake Nyasa. This was the fourth of a brilliant series of Empire flights carried out by Sir Alan Cobham, who has been called in Africa "The Flying Ambassador of the British Empire." We must congratulate Sir Alan and Lady Cobham on their taste in literature

Although this country has produced the only light aeroplanes which are in use all over the world, there are two types of privately owned aircraft to which little attention has been paid so far. In the United States, where aeroplanes are used extensively for private

and business purposes, the single-engined monoplane with accommodation for four passengers and luggage has become a distinct type, being used by those who can afford to have an engineer-pilot to look after the machine and take over the controls when necessary. The Dutch have developed the private air yacht with three engines, designed by Herr Fokker, three of which type have passed through Croydon recently. The owner-pilot's super-sports, which is both safe and economical, has not yet appeared, unless the Tiger Moth is being developed on these lines.

An International Aero Show in London for civil machines only, combined with a Flying Display at Croydon or Hendon, would be of tremendous value if representative types could be sent from other countries for the purpose of comparison. Many of the British machines exhibited at the 1920 Show in London have since given useful service, but none of them has been developed. Manufacturers would find large orders being placed abroad for types which they do not make, simply because, with the possible exception of the De Havillands, they still rely on Government orders for Service machines, leaving it to their foreign competitors to capture the civil market.

Central News

THE FLYING GOLFER

Mr Frank Noble, who recently flew from Turnberry to Ulverstone to play golf for Lancashire in a county match. He is seen here just before leaving Turnberry

It is a great pity that the first two days of the Light 'Plane Meeting at Rotterdam coincide with those for the King's Cup Race here, but it will be possible for those who are not too tired after 1,000 miles round England to fly over on Sunday, July 22, for the last day. A meeting at which there are no entrance fees, petrol and oil being supplied free to all competitors, and 75 florins granted for expenses, shows Dutch hospitality at its best. The aerodrome at Waalhaven is owned by the Municipality of Rotterdam, who also run the "speedboat" service connecting it by water with the tram terminus in the city.

Sir Charles Wakefield has opened the subscription list with £300 for the new Air Scholarship scheme suggested by Lady Heath for enabling candidates, preferably women, to obtain flying instruction at a low cost. The fund is to be administered by the Air League of the British Empire. C. E. WARD.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

INDIVIDUAL AND ROBOT

ALL creative forms of art emanate from the mind of the individual — never from the conglomerate thought of the mass. Herd psychology and mass mentality are productive of nothing beyond dull mechanical movement and vulgar material force. The great majority of mankind are creatures of habit, timid and self-conscious, controlled by convention, scampering confusedly through life, round and round the dreary pit of their conventional ideas. In comparison, the sheep on the moors enjoy a godlike freedom—until the red cross of slaughter is stamped upon their hides.

America will be a great nation when most of us are dead. In a couple of centuries from now she may quite conceivably have cultivated the Arts. Before then the satiric emblem of the Statue of Liberty may have crumbled, and in its place a magnificent phalic column, towering above the Woolworth Building, may be erected, crowned with the god of Mammon, smiling sardonically upon the thirsty millions worshipping at the base of the pedestal.

Mass production means Money. Sculpture, painting, music, fine literature, cultivation of philosophy, love of beauty—these are ethereal diversions without concrete value. But Money represents a solid material power, by which the herd can be made to bow and scrape, dance or squirm, guffaw or squeal at will of the possessor.

The philosopher, of course, disregards money. He realises that his stomach has limitations, and that he can only sleep under one roof at a time. The artist despises money because he can always command the exhilaration of his senses, when they require titivating, by offering the gift of his personality.

A Ford car is a most efficient production, and a ready-made suit is a very adequate protection from the elements, and a very necessary precaution against arrest for indecent exposure. In either one may pass unnoticed amid the obscure multitude of machine-made Robots.

All of which subtly leads up to the fact that Pope and Bradley do not make clothes for sheep. Every suit is fitted at least three times, and moulded to the individual figure. Divinity has ordained that each man is shaped differently—ten thousand varying forms with ten thousand personalities. It is the art of the tailor to indicate such lines of character! The prices charged could be easily doubled if the principals were rapacious, but since they eat wisely, drink merrily, sleep lightly, and work artistically, what else can Money offer? If more Money were made Winny would only waste it. This house discourages waste. Lounge suits from 10 guineas, Dinner suits from 14 guineas, Dress suits from 16 guineas, Overcoats from 10 guineas, Riding Breeches from £6 16 6.

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& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

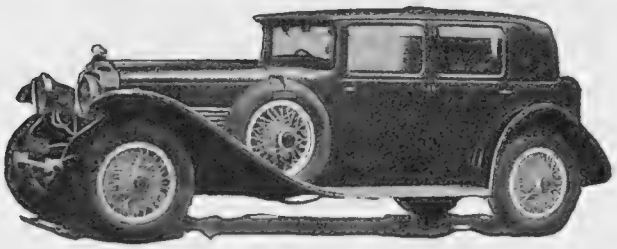
Warwick Wright Says

I want a fine Car

Mechanically, quiet and powerful, one that will be immediately responsive to my needs, one that I can depend upon at all times, that will easily withstand hard usage, and yet give faithful service with minimum trouble and expense.

I get it in

THE SPLENDID STUTZ



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150 New Bond Street, W.1

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"FINE"...

An exclamation of delight when you find that there *is* Lea & Perrins in the Mayonnaise.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

1/- PER BOTTLE LARGE SIZE 1/9

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Model Jewellery

No. 1.—Diamond and Enamel Brooch. £45

No. 2.—Diamond and Enamel Brooch. £62 10

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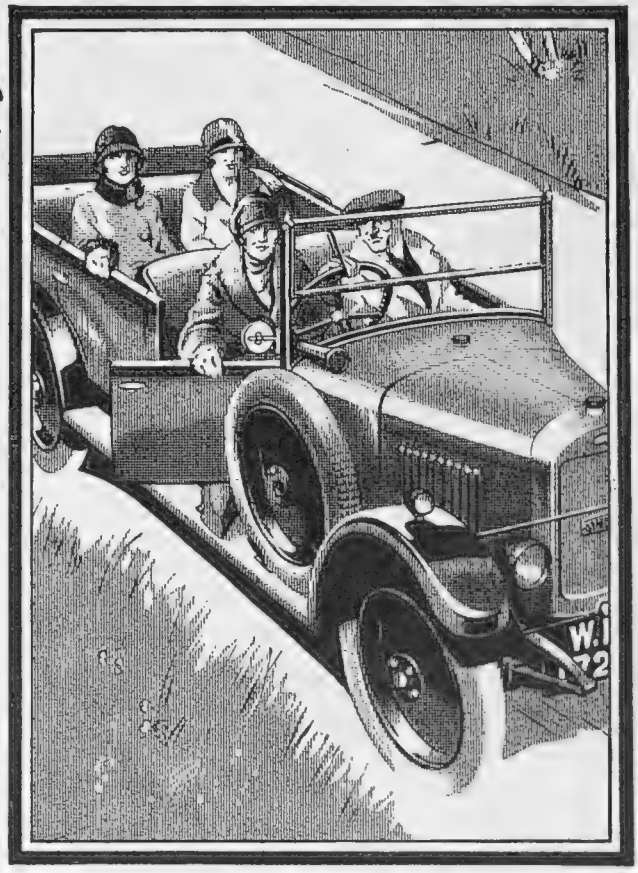

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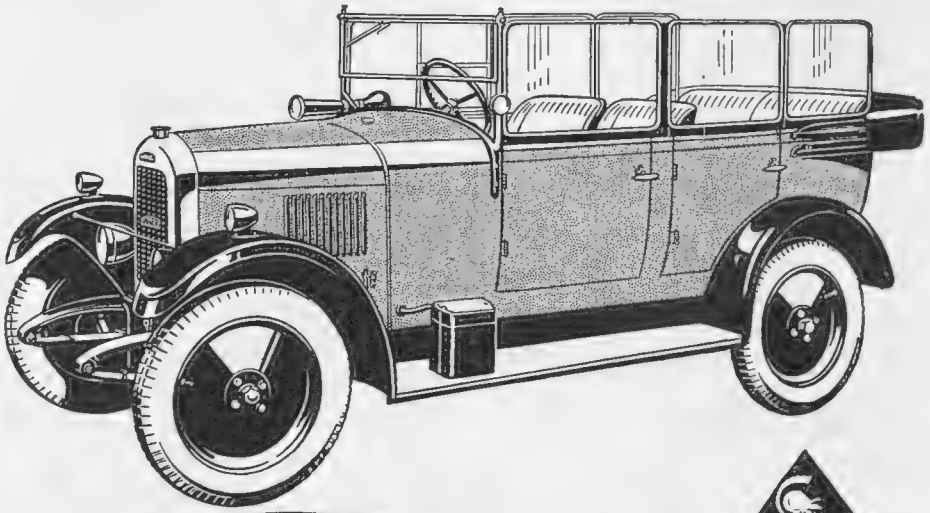

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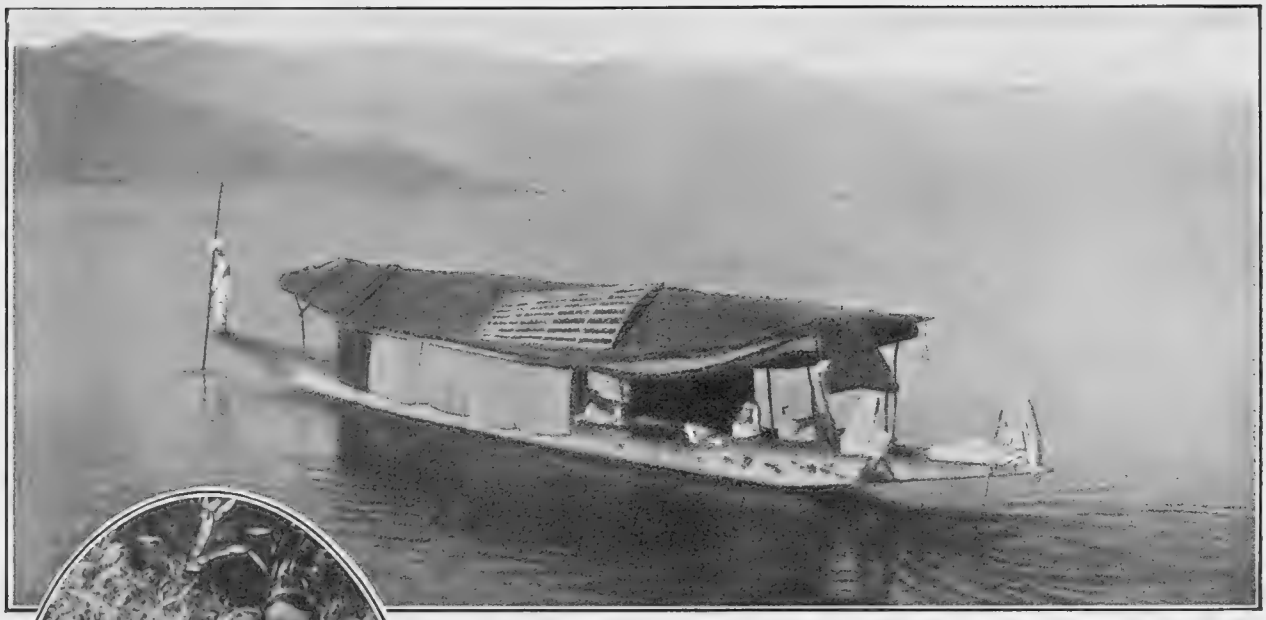

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We see it on the famous and lovely Wodlar Lake, a natural setting

A RIVIERA IN ASIA

SUMMER TIME ON THE JEHLUM RIVER IN KASHMIR

By JAMES MILNE

A WELL-KNOWN KASHMIR HOSTESS
Mrs. H. E. Moon, whose husband has made a beautiful house near Srinagar, where they have distinguished guests from England and elsewhere

A RIVER OF ROMANCE
The Jehlum at Srinagar, with houseboats on its waters and the snow-white Himalayas overhead

SOME day, when the minutes have quite conquered the miles, we shall be saying, "Give me a ticket by the Blue 'Plane for the Asiatic Riviera"! We all know the Riviera of Europe, nestling sunnily between the azure waters of the Mediterranean Sea and the colourful light of the Alpes Maritimes. But where, many may ask, is this other Riviera, this other most favoured land, this Paradise-to-be, of the world, when the world can get there easily.

Its name is Kashmir, anciently spelt Kashmere or Cashmere, and, as I have just been there, I have the latest tidings about it historically, geographically, and socially, for Srinagar is, on this June day, at the height of its season. Srinagar is, of course, the heart and centre of Kashmir, and the Jehlum River, along whose banks it twines, is a Thames many times magnified. It comes from the endless snows of the Himalayas, not from the springs of an English countryside like our Thames. But it is placid as well as broad at Srinagar, and from the balcony of the English Club you look out on a street of houseboats, called "Victory," or something else inviting.

They are of all sorts, but they are homes as well as boats—summer-homes, anyhow—in which people live all the time, not "week-end" affairs. Srinagar and the Jehlum River are too far away even from India, lying down below, to have anything week-endish about them. It takes you forty-eight hours from Bombay or Rawalpindi—to everybody in India just Pindi—even in the Punjaub, Limited, which we who rode on her thought one of the finest trains in the world. Then at Pindi you are two hundred miles from Srinagar, and they have to be traversed by motor car along a road which Sir Hari Singh, for he is Maharajah of Kashmir, keeps in wonderful order, considering the tremendous and tremendously impressive country it has to negotiate.

Kashmir! Isn't it fabled for loveliness in mountain and stream, in lake and wood, in green grass and glorious flowers? It has, in summer, a climate like an English July, except that when its July and August come they bring a touch of the Indian heat, and then people leave Srinagar and go up higher among the Himalayas, mostly to Golmurg, which, in turn, becomes a field of social life. You will have gathered that you go to Kashmir, the Indian Riviera, for coolness with sunshine, while our European Riviera has, or should have, warmth and sunshine.

If there be two Rivieras—one West,

WHERE THE MOGULS PLAYED
The Dal Lake, around whose shores the old Mogul Kings built pleasure gardens, especially the Shalimar

one East, seven thousand miles apart—why should they not be contradictions and yet the same? A flight from raw, foggy London in January or March is something to be anticipated with daily morning prayers. But it is nothing to the joy of the man or woman—particularly the woman—who, in April, can fly from the growing hell of the Plains of India to the sweet reasonableness of Srinagar. Delivery from excessive heat is, perhaps, even a greater relief than delivery from shivering cold.

It is from the fiery furnace of India's sun that Anglo-Indians escape when they go north to Kashmir, and they are, so far, the main force of the invading army. Many English people from home find their way to the Jehlum, however, and once they have known the seduction of that river they want to return. It is, in every sense, the main street of Srinagar, almost the only street, and most of the quaint shops look on to it; so here, really, is the Venice of the East, as it is often called. Do you want to go shopping for *papier mâché* things, which are a fine art on the Jehlum, for Kashmere ring-shawls, made from exquisite mountain wool, for silver work, or for what treasures you want? Then you hire a *chikara*, the native pleasure boat, and gently, quickly, the silken Kashmiri scullers carry you wherever you wish to go.

Maybe you would like an afternoon of sunshine on the famous Dal Lake, which was a place of pleasure with the Mogul kings three hundred years ago. Maybe you will even take your romantic fortunes in hand, or share them with someone else, and venture moonlight hours on this exquisite water, shadowed only by the Himalayas and heaven. Around its shores are pleasure gardens which the gorgeous Moguls built and which are still beautiful and wonderful, especially Shalimar, about which Laurence Hope wrote her "Kashmiri Love Song" in "The Garden of Kama." You remember it—passionate, flaming and tragic, like Indian romance.

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now? Who lies beneath
your spell?
Whom do you lead on Rapture's road-
way, far,
Before you agonise them in farewell?

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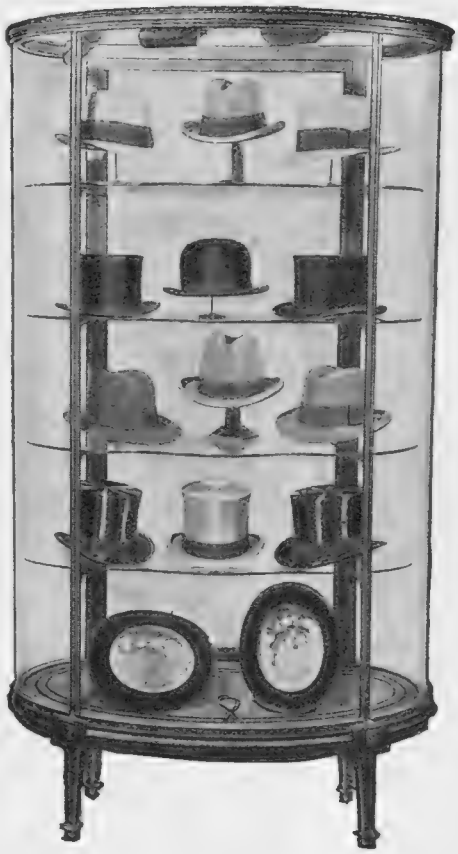

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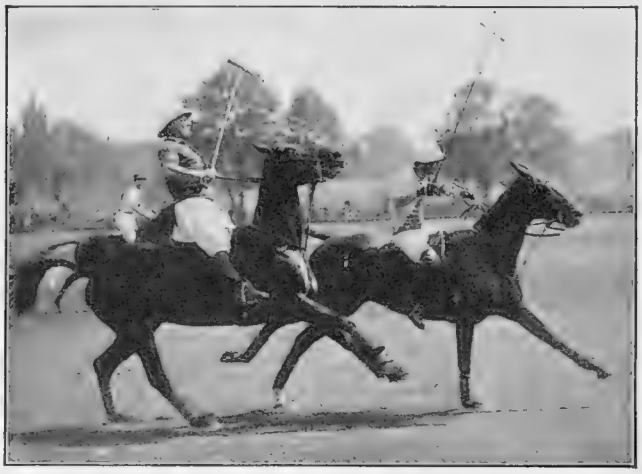
POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN



L.N.A.

A TUSSLE IN MIDFIELD

Mr. H. East (Eastcott) photographed in play with Wing-Commander P. K. Wise (Hurricanes) in the final of the Roehampton Open Cup. The Hurricanes (holders) were victorious by 8 goals to 3 over Eastcott

A Disappointing Team

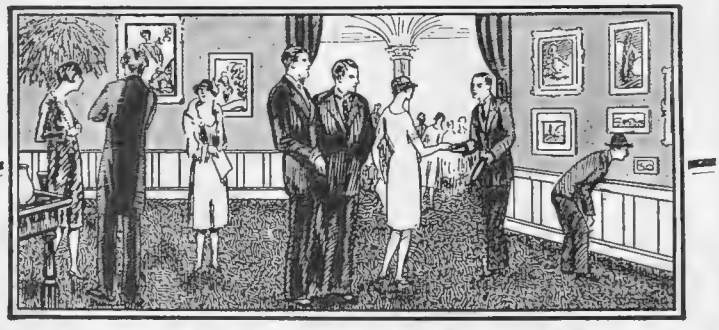
As is usual at Derby time, things were rather quiet in the polo world until the end of the week, but we are now approaching the best part of the London season, and the Ranelagh Open Cup promises to produce polo of the brightest order. So far the El Gordo team have not got properly into their stride. Their display in the recent open tournament at Roehampton was grievously disappointing. I must give the 17th/21st Lancers' team of subalterns full credit for having shown up remarkably well against a team possessing a considerably higher handicap. At the same time, it was obvious to those who watched the match that El Gordo were far from being at their best. Briefly, they played like a scratch side, and it will be most surprising if they fail to improve vastly on this form in the open tournaments at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

The Champions

At the present time the board seems likely to be swept clean by the Hurricanes, who will certainly be warm favourites for the Champion Cup, of which they are the holders. Not only is this side composed of four remarkably fine hitters, but it is beautifully mounted. Mr. Sanford is now reaping the reward of his determination to secure his share of the best ponies which have come into the market during the last few years. In addition to his powerful stud, Major Jack Harrison possesses some grand weight-carriers, which carry him to perfection. Wing-Commander Wise also has one or two ponies of the first class. So the Hurricanes enjoy a great advantage whenever they ride on the field. In the final of the Roehampton Open Cup they won sufficiently easily without covering themselves with any new glory. The Eastcott side, which had worked its way to the last stage of this successful tournament, also brought out a good lot of ponies, and it would have been a splendid fight had the match been played on handicap terms. As a fact, the Hurricanes held an advantage of five goals on the handicap, and this was the exact margin by which they won.

Compiling the Weights

The result can be said to have been a triumph for the compilers of the polo "weights." On the other hand, the handicap did not work out particularly well in several of the ties which were played at Roehampton last week. In one game, for example, there was a difference of only a fraction of a goal on the handicap between Eastcott and the Swallows. Yet the former actually scored nine times more than the other side did. I was surprised to find the 17-21st Lancers performing so badly when they met the Pilgrims in this tournament. The latter side were entitled to receive a couple of goals on the handicap, but even without this advantage they would have beaten the soldiers by a decisive margin.



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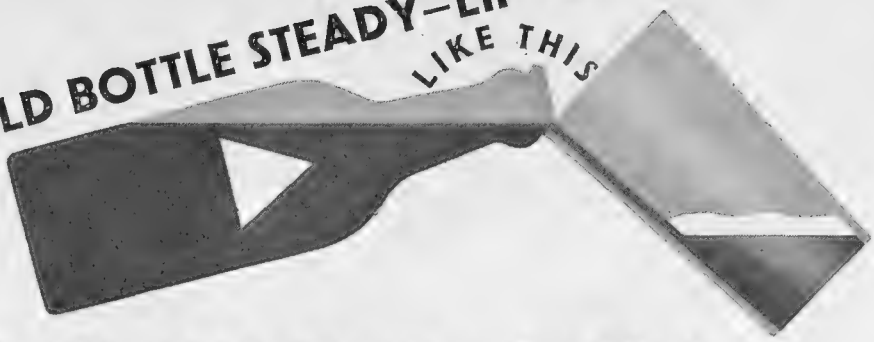

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

I do not remember ever to have read such an astonishing, such a poignant autobiography as Isadora Duncan's *My Life* (Gollancz: 15s. net). She was killed, you may remember, last September in a motoring accident. For years past you had heard curious stories about her; periodically her name would appear in the newspapers in some unusual connection. She had long ceased to give those extraordinary dances of hers which at one time had brought all the greatest artists in Europe to her feet. Forgotten was that new type of school, for the founding of which she had made so many sacrifices. You heard only of scandalous adventures and Bolshevik pronouncements. She had become "an impossible woman."

She hated the ballet, whether it was Russian or not, but great dancers like Pavlova were amongst her warmest admirers. There were days when she had all and more than the money she needed; but when she lost her children and much of her beauty, and when the finer ideals had been pushed into the background, she fell upon evil days. Old friends would no longer help—she had put herself, they said, outside the pale—and, indeed, she was always her own worst enemy—and the time came when she was without resources. It was then that she set to work to write her memoirs—for money, and it was doled out to her as she sent in her "copy." These memoirs were never completed, for she had intended to include an account of her two years' sojourn in Bolshevik Russia, during which she had allowed herself to forget her old contempt for marriage and married a young Russian poet; but there was enough for a first volume, and this we may read to-day for ourselves.

Truly it is a remarkable piece of work: the work, one sees, of an ill-balanced genius. A work so painfully outspoken in parts as to cause you to gasp. A work, as she told a friend, which did not tell everything, but one which certainly tells more than you might have expected, even from her, and more than some of her friends would have liked. But having set out to bare her soul, she bared it, and you see her for what she was: a hater of hypocrisy and pose and the general smugness of things, courting danger in the way that Nietzsche had preached, caring not a farthing for what the world would say about her numerous romantic affairs, quixotic, highly strung, in front of her time.

You will probably be shocked. You may strongly disapprove. But as you follow this strange woman from early days in San Francisco, through poverty to astounding success in Europe, you will begin to realise that the book could only have been written by one woman in a million. She, who had no small opinion of her own abilities, did not think much of her book—writing, she thought, was not her real work, and it might never have been written but for the fact that she wanted money to enable her to leave her Nice hotel and rush to Paris after a lover; but it is a brave book, and you will do well to read it, for it has something more in it than the account of an unhappy woman's life.

A very great book: and I almost regret that on finishing it I took up Sewell Stokes's *Isadora Duncan: An Intimate Portrait* (Brentanos: 6s. net). For reading her own words you think of high things and forget the others, but in Stokes's book you see only the pitiful dregs: a fat, beer-drinking, fretful woman with a few young men leering about her. There would be paint on her face, and she who had once lived in Greece and danced in the Temples could hum a vulgar jazz tune for hours at a time.

The author is prepared to be attacked for what he has written, but it is perhaps the kind of picture that the dancer herself would have appreciated. It is harsh, but it reads like the truth, and Isadora wanted the truth, except where her lovers were concerned. You lay down the book with a sigh, and find yourself wondering whether the gods were not unusually kind to allow her scarf to strangle her when the car swerved and threw her out.

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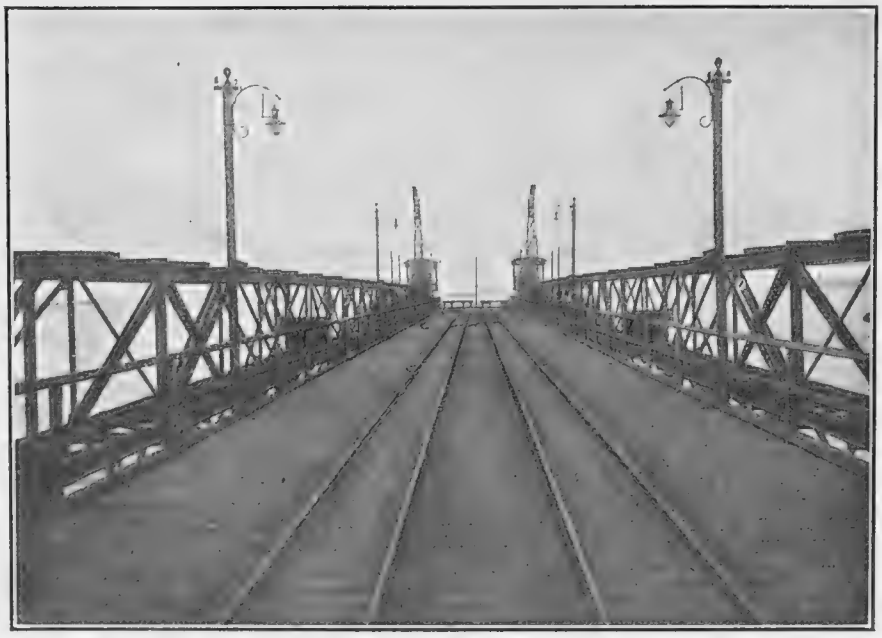

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CAMERA NOTES

"AT HOME"

A study of two well-known inhabitants of Regent's Park prepared to receive visitors. This is an example of the countless photographic opportunities to be found at the Zoological Gardens

Snapshots at the Zoo

THE mark of your true photographic enthusiast is that with the coming of the summer days he must be out and about, finding subjects for his camera. If there is none to hand, he sets out on a pilgrimage with definite photographic intent. The question then arises: "Whither?" There is perhaps no better answer than "The Zoo."

New Lines of Interest

THE first attraction of the Zoo as a hunting ground for the snapshot maker lies in its countless opportunities for pictures that will make an exceptionally interesting page in the photo-album. When an album is brought out for visitors its pages of snapshots of family incidents and personal mementoes are often passed over without comment: their appeal is limited. But everybody turns with an interested remark to a print in which one of the Zoo elephants is caught picking pockets with his trunk. With a few studies of those elegant *poseurs*, the Polar bears, on the Mappin Terraces, a picture or two in illustration of that celebrated limerick concerning the bill of the pelican, and a comical interlude in one of the monkey cages, there are all the makings of a first-rate page in the album.

Subjects for Every Taste

AN even greater advantage in Zoo camera work is that, whatever his skill and equipment, every photographer can be sure of enjoying himself, given fairly favourable conditions. Even little Willie, with his new box camera, will find no lack of subjects suitable for his modest apparatus; and yet there are even more subjects difficult enough to provide a really good day's sport for the expert reflex user. The specialist who is only happy in attempting the impossible also has immense scope for this indulgence.

Facilities for Photographers

THE amateur photographer, again, is specially encouraged in the London Zoo, as witness the provision of public darkroom facilities and the general readiness of the keepers to give assistance to camera users. When this can safely be done, as for example in the sea lion and penguin enclosures, the man with the camera will at times be allowed access to special viewpoints, so that it is well to enlist the aid and guidance of the keepers for special subjects. What degree of success attends one's excursion into Zoo photography depends partly on the luck of circumstances, but mainly on personal judgment and adroitness. Choice of viewpoint, especially with regard to the direction of the lighting and the tone of the background coupled with quickness in catching a good pose chiefly distinguish the successful Zoo photographer.

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Just picture it! Life and Youth at its gayest; aquaplaning, "chuting," diving, paddling—no one seriously swimming. Sun bathers contentedly watching from a silvery, sandy beach backed by trees. All the witchery of the glorious house-cricket parties of old is there—when the white tent across the park spoke of welcome and good fellowship—and no one cared a rap about the score. Yes! there's cricket in a park here too; tennis, motoring, golf, dancing, moonlight and "Alping" at

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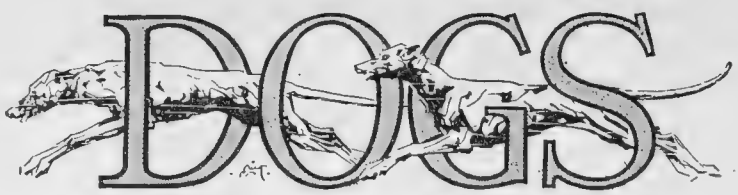

By "The Kennelman"

WINDSOR holds its Championship Dog Show to-day (Wednesday), a popular event in an exceptionally fine setting; and another of a rather similar sort will open to-morrow in Hatfield Park. (Herts is a famously doggy county, noted for its winning Gun-dogs, Cockers, Terriers, etc.) Birmingham has a Fox Terrier Show to-morrow; and among the all-round Dog Shows to be noted are Chesterfield on the 16th, Taunton on the 21st, and Bournemouth on the 27th.

The statement that there are now some three and a half million homes in this country "which own a Dog," is perhaps not strictly accurate. (There are many which "own," or are owned by, a dozen or so, and the total Dog populace is probably not more than about four million.) But of the great growth of Dog-fancying in England during the past decade there is no possible shadow of doubt; and so, modern policy in such matters being what it is, nobody will be surprised to learn that we are presently to have a "National Dog Week," full information about which can be had from the Council's Hon. Secretary, 37-38, Temple Chambers, E.C.4. All you have to do is to send a postcard, saying: "How can I help?" or "Please let me know about the National Dog Week," and full particulars will be sent. This first National Dog Week will be September 23-29, and so will lead handsomely up to that great doggy event, the Kennel Club's 67th Annual Show at the Crystal Palace, on October 10 and 11. The list of vice-presidents already includes some of the most famous names in the country; and we are promised that the week's teaching, in churches, lecture halls, schools, cinemas, theatres, etc., will be devoid of "wishy-washy sentimentality," its objective being the practical one of "Better Dogs—Better kept!" By the dissemination of practical knowledge, the promoters mean to enlarge general understanding of Dogs, and appreciation of the responsibilities of Dog-owners, toward their Dogs and toward the public.

A correspondent in Dublin writes: "I have sometimes wondered why 'The Kennelman' has never drawn attention to the striking, and growing, popularity in England of breeds of Irish origin. Take the Irish Wolfhounds, Setters, Terriers, Water Spaniels, and Kerry Blue Terriers; they all retain the old prefix, but one must go to England to see them at their best, and, for that matter, to find them really appreciated and established in popular favour. I suppose it is true of all canine breeds that the finest specimens are bred in England, but the perfection reached there in the Irish breeds is particularly striking." The Kerry Blue was supposed at one time to have challenged the popularity of that sterling favourite, the Irish Terrier; but as a matter of fact both breeds continue to make steady progress in England, and the Irish Terrier shows no more sign of losing ground here than the two families of Fox Terriers. Game to the last ditch, the Irish Terrier is not, as some folk fancy, a quarrelsome Dog; fearless, yes; but loyal, trustworthy, and keen and high-spirited as he is hardy. The hon. secretary of the Irish Terrier Association is Mrs. R. J. Taylor, of Hulcote Cottage, Hitchin, Herts, and among its vice-presidents are Lord Lonsdale and the Maharajah of Jind, Colonel Sir Edward Ward, and that notable Dog lover, Lord Dewar. Less well known, but quite equally worth knowing, is the Irish Water Spaniel, one of the keenest and most uncannily intelligent of all canine sportsmen. A prominent authority on this fine breed, and hon. secretary of the Irish Water Spaniel Association, is Mr. F. Trench O'Rorke, of Breifny House, Bodmin.

Dog Food Manufacturers to H.M. King George V.

HE'S ONE OF THE BEST

is that faithful old dog of yours. He never complains, but he does appreciate a little thought and consideration given to his food,

SO GIVE HIM THE BEST

'OSOKO'

THE PARAMOUNT DOG FOOD

There's nothing quite so good, no other food which so readily appeals to dogs of every breed.

YOUR DEALER SELLS IT

Join Spillers Free Information Bureau. No obligation entailed. Expert advice on dogs just as often as required. Send to Spillers for Free Membership Card.

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Branch of Spillers Limited.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW OLYMPIA

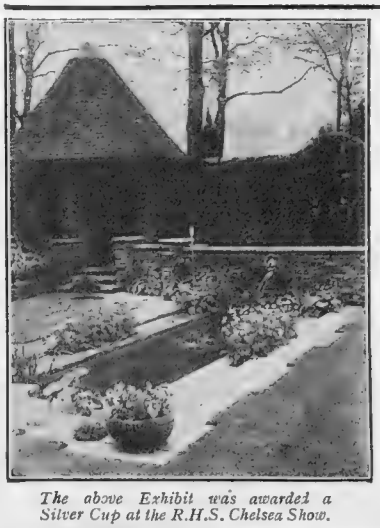
JUNE 21 — 30

Two performances each day - 2 p.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Special jumping competition and displays by the Imperial Riding School of Vienna which will appeal to all horse lovers.

Seats booked from 2s. 4d. upwards at 12, Hanover Square (Mayfair 0593), and usual Libraries. 1s. 2d. seats sold at entrance.

King George V Gold Trophy—Afternoon, June 25th.
Prince of Wales's Gold Cup—Afternoon, June 28th.



The above Exhibit was awarded a Silver Cup at the R.H.S. Chelsea Show.

VISIT 'THE GAZEWAY' SHOW-GARDENS

On the Portsmouth Road at Surbiton is one of Surrey's choicest beauty spots — 'The Gazeway.' A collection of different types of gardens—all perfect—and now *at their best.*

W. H. GAZE & SONS, LTD.

Garden Craftsmen,

'The Gazeway,'

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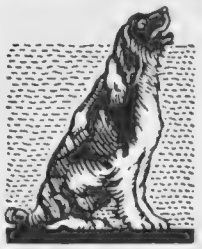

No; he's not baying at the Moon — but his master has just washed him with caustic carbolic soap and it is giving him jip.

Remember a dog's skin is very sensitive, in many cases more so than a human being's. You don't use crude soap yourself — then pity your pal. Wash him with the soothing shampoo and insecticide

SopeX

Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd., Berkhamsted.

Of all Agents. 1/6 per packet.

Down Beneath the Surface of your skin

True skin care consists not only in cleansing the surface of the skin, which soap and water will do reasonably well, but also in cleansing and rejuvenating the pores and undertissues. For this purpose it is important to use a combination of pure oils such as is found in *Pond's Cold Cream*. These oils sink deep into the pores, permeating the delicate underskin and easing to the surface all dirt and impurities which have become embedded beyond the reach of soap and water. A gentle wiping with a soft cloth or towel will remove all these impurities and leave the skin quite cleansed and toned-up.

Cleanse in this way last thing at night, and as often as necessary during the day. After each day-time cleansing using *Pond's Vanishing Cream* before exposure to the weather.

Pond's Vanishing Cream disappears as soon as you put it on, forming a protective film just below the surface of the skin, improving the appearance, and acting as a lasting base for your powder.

Careful adherence to this treatment will ensure that your skin will look its best under all circumstances.

*From all Chemists and Stores in handsome opal jars, **1/3** and **2/6**. In tubes **6d.** (for handbag) and **1/-**. Pond's Cold Cream also in extra large jars **5/-**, and in extra large tubes **2/6**.*

TRIAL SAMPLES.
Pond's Extract Co., Dept. 19, 103 St. John Street, E.C.1, will send for 2d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both creams.

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"

BYSTANDER BRIDGE: Sleeping Partners

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

In business a sleeping partner is one who takes no active part in the affairs of the firm, but shares in the profits or losses. We have the same kind of thing at Bridge. Some of us are sleeping partners perforce. We play rubber after rubber without being able to take part in the proceedings because we hold a succession of bad hands.

Or we may be reduced to the position of sleeping partners because we are in joint harness with selfish or conceited players, who insist on taking us out of our calls and playing every hand. I hate being a sleeping partner myself. I like to do my bit. But there are backward bidders who appear to prefer the *rôle*. They seem to think rubbers are won by silence.

"That's all right, partner," said a player to one of these. "You sit quite quietly and leave me to do the bidding," and he did, with profitable results.

A forward player often turns his partner into a sleeping one. I have seen bad players who know their limitations—a rare thing, mark you!—who deliberately refuse to call their own hands. They will support their partners to any extent. They don't want to play the cards, but they are quite happy as sleeping partners to take their share of the swag.

. . . . . .

But there is another kind of sleeping partner, and that is the player who falls asleep in the course of the rubber. This may not necessarily be after dinner or because he has looked upon the wine when it was red. It may arise from constitutional infirmity, increasing age, or because he finds the card table a pleasant place at which to take a nap.

But fall asleep he does, during both the bidding and the play. It is not a long, serious, dreamless sleep, but a series of forty winks. He wakes up at intervals to inquire, "What are trumps?" or "Whose lead is it?" I have known some of these sleepy players to be quite good performers. Their little naps refresh them for the contest, and they sometimes do brilliant things. To some people they are a sore trial.

"You shouldn't play if you can't keep awake," said an angry partner.

But why not? There is no law to prevent sleep at the card table. And, after all, there is much to be said for the somnolescent player. He is restful and much preferable to the fidgety, nervous, restless person who cannot sit still.

. . . . . .

A sleepy player once saved a lover's quarrel. A man was playing against his fiancée, whom he adored. She revoked. He saw her revoke. She knew that he knew she had revoked. But not by a flicker of an eyelid did he betray the secret, and his partner being mercifully asleep at the time nothing was said. They are happily married now, but the engagement might have been broken off but for the fact that he had a sleeping partner.

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

By new s.s. "ORFORD" 20,000 Tons
and s.s. "OTRANTO" 20,000 Tons

NORWAY and NORTHERN CAPITALS

WEEKLY SAILINGS

Write for Programme:
Managers:-ANDERSON, GREEN & Co LTD
5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3.
West End } 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.
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DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

This Barnardo Baby has 7,798 brothers and sisters. Will you help to feed them?

Dr. Barnardo's Homes are making their Annual Appeal for 400,000 Half-Crowns for the Children's Food. 7,799 boys and girls and babies are supported—the Largest Family in the World. It equals a town. Think of supporting a Town! One generous friend has sent 4,432 Half-Crowns to the Fund this year. Will you follow his lead? You always send to the Half-Crown appeal.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, may be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Wherever the right people meet, there also you will meet the right cigarette – De Reszke, of course!

DE RESZKE

Virginias – 10 for 6d.

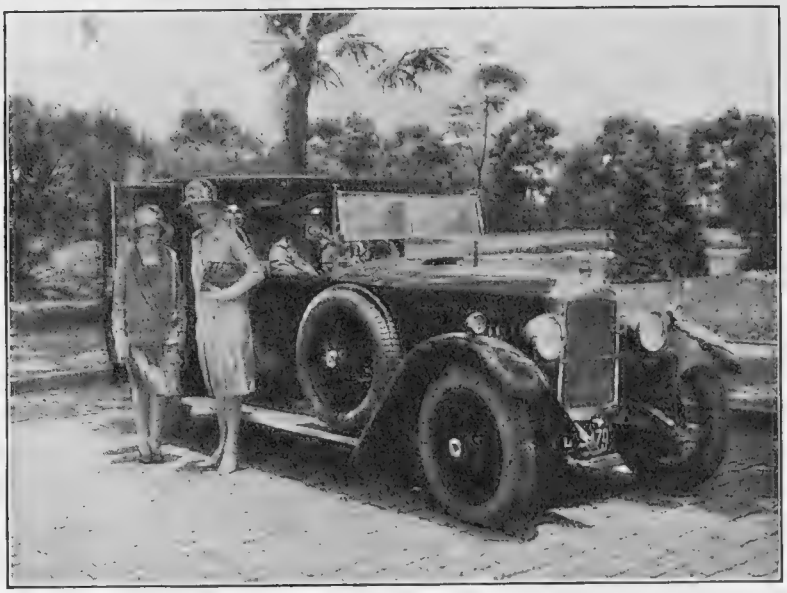
'Ivory'-tipped or Plain

20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6

IF YOU LIKE TURKISH, TRY THE NEW DE RESZKE 'TURKS'—10 FOR 6d.

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT



IN SOUTH AMERICA

Miss Megan Lloyd George with Mrs. E. S. Lowes in the grounds of San Paulo Penitentiary during the recent visit of Mr. Lloyd George and his family to South America. The car is a Vauxhall 20-60 Coupé-de-Ville

I HAVE often noticed that on graduating from a French four-cylinder to a six of the same make one misses the sporting characteristics of the former. Only the other day I drove a six produced by a firm that makes one of the liveliest standard fours on the market, yet the six was no more exhilarating than the stodgiest of British family productions. Of course there may be an illusion in the seeming liveliness of a four. If the performances of the two types were measured against each other it would often be found that the six gave at least as good acceleration, etc., as the four, but did not impress one to that effect, solely because of its better balance, silence, and general absence of fuss.

***

I HAVE found an exception to this criticism in the new 16 h.p. six-cylinder Darracq. This car, it may be recalled, was introduced at the last Olympia Show. It has an engine of 67×94 mm. bore and stroke (2,000 c.c.), carrying a tax of £17, but developing 45 b.h.p. at 3,500 r.p.m. A detachable cylinder head, overhead push-rod-operated valves, four-bearing crankshaft machined from the solid with circular webbs and a vibration damper, centrifugal pump cooling and dynamotor driven direct from the front end of the crankshaft are features of the engine. This car really has a sporting "feel" that makes it a delight to drive. The gear change is fairly light and quick, so that one can slip into any desired gear with ease and certainty, and the engine will take up its load without the slightest hesitation or sign of distress once it is reasonably warm. Incidentally, the cooling system is so efficient that even at this time of the year the fan can sometimes be left out of action.

***

OF the many outstanding charms that this car possesses, I think I would place first the responsiveness of the engine; secondly, the efficiency of the brakes, which is quite exceptional; and thirdly—the hum of the exhaust! There is scarcely a sound from the engine, the springing is so good that even on the worst roads it does not give any audible or sensible indication of surface or speed; thus, the musical hum of the exhaust, rising and falling with the varying road speeds, is quite a welcome relief from monotony. I have seldom come across a car in which this apparently trivial point meant so much. The price of this Darracq Weymann saloon is £615. Not the least of its

THAWPIT — THE MOTORISTS' FRIEND

Tar on the car, grease on the clothes, oil on the stockings—soiled but not spoiled, for Thawpit removes them all. Instantly. Completely. Safely. Keep a bottle handy—on the garage shelf.

THAWPIT
THE GUARANTEED NON-INFLAMMABLE GREASE REMOVER

In 4/- Tins and in bottles at 1/6 and 2/3

Obtainable from all Factors, Garages, and from Boots, Taylor's, Timothy Whites, and all leading chemists, grocers, stores, etc. In case of difficulty write to address below for sample bottle, 1/6 postfree.

THAWPIT Ltd., Dept. 18, Astor House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

Why they all prefer this better pump

No. 2

The Old Hand

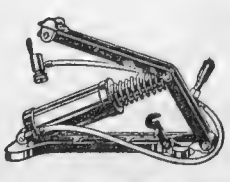
Even a small thing like a pump can make a wonderful difference to one's peace of mind. With a KISMET-DUPLEX foot pump for instance, it's just a few easy strokes, a glance at the pressure gauge — and the job is done. No backaches even at my age!

Saves Energy—Saves Time—Saves Tyres

Because of the patented principle of two-stage air compression—really two pumps in one—the Kismet Duplex Foot Pump is accepted by all experienced motorists as the world's most perfect pump. Please write for particulars.

KISMET DUPLEX - - 58/6
KISMET JUNIOR - - 40/-
Sole Manufacturers:
Wm. Turner & Bro., Ltd.,
Eyre Works, Sheffield.

Unconditionally Guaranteed



KISMET-DUPLEX
Two in One
FOOT-PUMP
Super *Charger*

The World's most Perfect Pump

PERMANENT DEPENDABILITY

12 h.p. Model

Latest All-Weather Equipment. Adjustable Front Seat. First-class coachwork. Best Leather Upholstery. Four Speeds forward and reverse. Four Wheel Brakes. Tax £11.

5 Seater

£265

FIAT

Range: 9 *h.p.*, 12 *h.p.*, 15/20 *h.p.* (4 *cyl.*). 17/50 *h.p.*, 26.8 *h.p.* (6 *cyl.*). *From* £190.
Gradual payments arranged.

Warning. With every Fiat Car a full guarantee is issued by this company. Every purchaser should obtain this guarantee and see that it bears the chassis and engine numbers of the machine purchased. The public is warned not to purchase a car without this guarantee.

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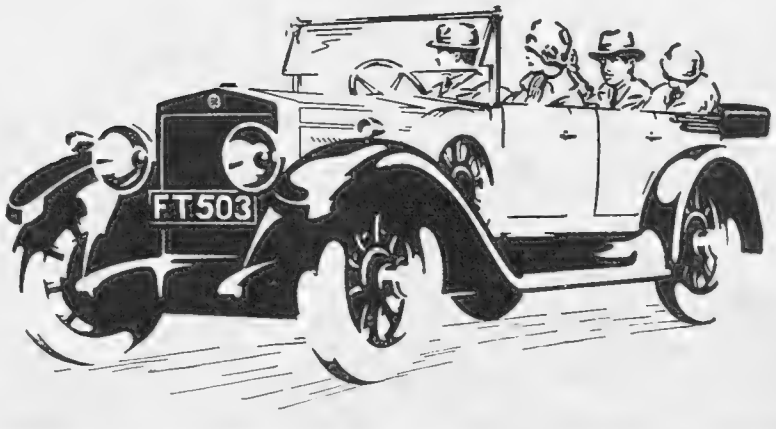
'Phones: Gerrard 7946 (4 lines). Wires: "Fiatism, Piccy, London." For everything pertaining to spares, service, etc., communicate direct with the works, Wembley, Middlesex.

FIAT (England) Ltd.

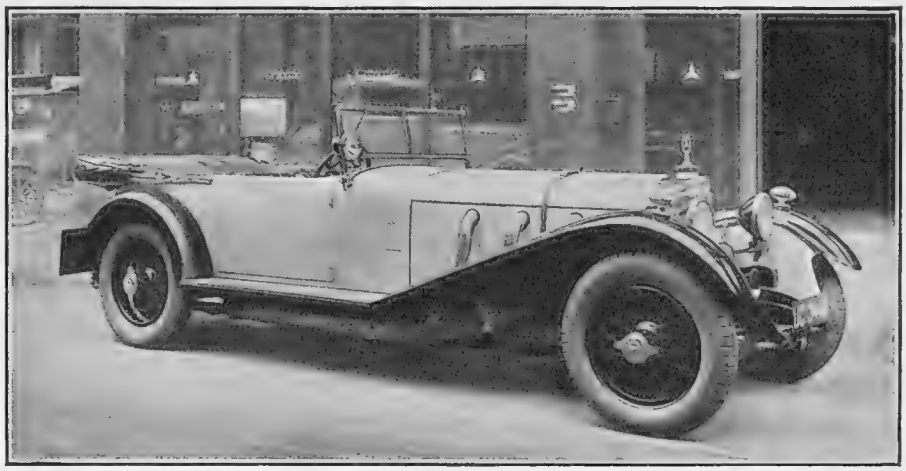


The Car of International Reputation.

attractive features are its lines and the original colour scheme, in which red is used with restraint to relieve black. A splendidly fitted trunk is part of the standard equipment, and the interior upholstery is in cloth.

* * *

More than 150,000 slogans were received by the B.P. Company in answer to its slogan competition, for which a first prize of £500, second prize of £100, fifty prizes of £50 each, and a hundred of £1 each were offered. Many showed considerable ingenuity. Amongst the more pointed were "Delivers the Goods without Deposit," "One Good Turn—It Needs No Other," "First in Sales, Sails in First," "The World's Champion Scene Shifter," "Never Holds You Up, Never Lets You Down." Punning was employed with good effect by many competitors, some examples being: "A Tonic for a 'Tyred' World," "There is No 'Pink' in the Green Pump." The first prize went to Lieut. C. R. A. Grant, of H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, who sent in: "The Petrol that Pulls with a Punch."



A SPEED MODEL

This 36-220 h.p. Mercédès Super-charged Touring Car is capable of over 100 m.p.h. on the road. It was supplied to Mr. Roy Lewis by Messrs. Gordon Watney and Co., Ltd.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., in conjunction with the A.A., have published a special book at 7s. 6d. net which will appeal to motorists desirous of exploring the Continent. "The Cream of Europe for the Motorist" is from the pen of Mr. Charles L. Freeston, F.R.G.S., who has succeeded in revealing to the reader the most attractive parts of Europe in an admirable sequence of clearly written chapters and descriptive routes, plentifully illustrated by sketch maps and photo-engravings.

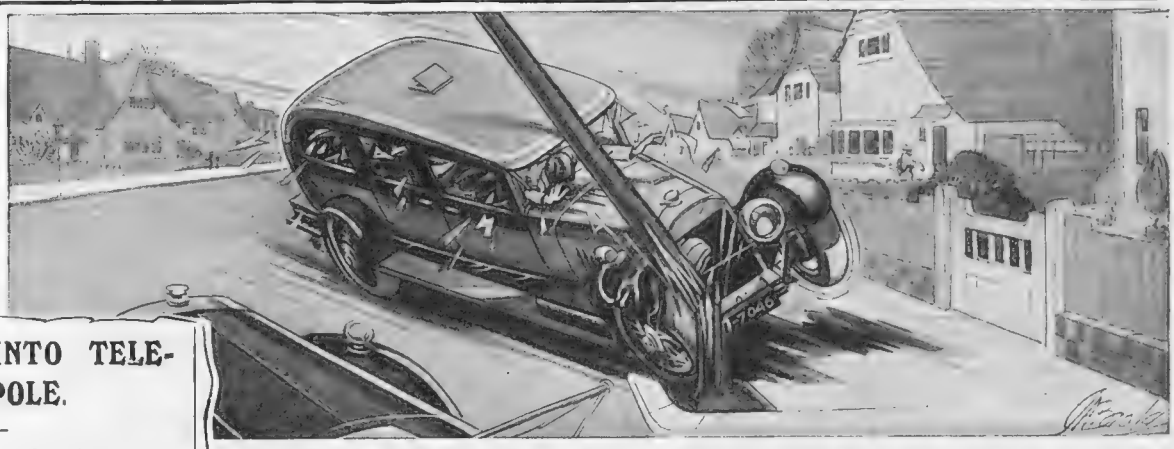
* * *

A correspondent in India bewails the fact that the proportion of American to British cars in common use in such centres as Calcutta is something over 20 to 1. As in the case of so many overseas countries, motoring conditions are bad outside the towns, but then cars are little used for travelling out in the country. It is in the towns, particularly between business and residential areas, that cars are so useful, especially as means of public transport are usually quite unsuitable for Europeans. Thus it can no longer be claimed that the conditions are unsuitable for British cars, or even that their prices are too high, because a lot of business is done in quite high-priced American cars. Is it that the British makers concerned do not exert themselves to push sales or arrange for proper deliveries and service of spares? My correspondent answers this in the affirmative, with considerable emphasis.

* * *

The Singer people make a great point of efficient spares service. A private motorist is always well advised to place orders for spares through a Singer agent, of which there are many throughout the country. When one is not available, however, the Spares Department will, when instructed, despatch all small goods "C.O.D.," and—an important point—on the day that the order is received.

E. M. Wright.



Extract from "The Southend Standard," 8th March, 1928.

CAR CRASHES INTO TELEGRAPH POLE.

TWO INJURED IN LEIGH SMASH.

A telegraph pole at the junction of Eaton Road and London Road, Leigh, was snapped off near the ground by a motor car which drove into it on Friday evening. Two passengers received severe injuries as a result of the smash.

* * *

. . . . . At the corner of Eaton Road, in attempting to avoid another car, the steering gear locked, the car mounted the pavement and hit a telegraph pole. Fortunately, no pedestrians were about at the time. Mr. [redacted] was thrown through the windscreen and Mr. [redacted] through the glass portion, being saved more serious injury by his bowler hat, which was cut to pieces. Both were unconscious when picked up and had had a miraculous escape from death. Mr. [redacted] received cuts on the face and scalp from the broken windscreen and Mr. [redacted] was much cut about the face and shaken. They both received medical attention at the scene of the accident and afterwards Mr. [redacted] was able to proceed home. Mr. [redacted] was first taken to Victoria Hospital by the police ambulance.

ORDINARY GLASS—THE DANGER

—had *Triplex* been fitted these injuries could not have resulted. *Are you taking the risk?*

Any vehicle glazed with ordinary glass is a potential death-trap, for at the least shock or blow such glass will fly into numerous jagged splinters. *Triplex* Safety Glass eliminates all danger from this, the source of the majority of personal injuries in an accident.

Be warned in time.

Normal orders for Triplex can now be despatched within ten days and delivered free throughout the United Kingdom.

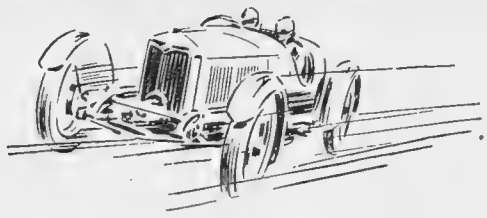
DON'T BE PUT OFF—

Fit "Triplex" and be Safe

REG'D

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1; also The Triplex Safety Glass Co. of North America, Inc., Hoboken Terminal, Hoboken, N.J.

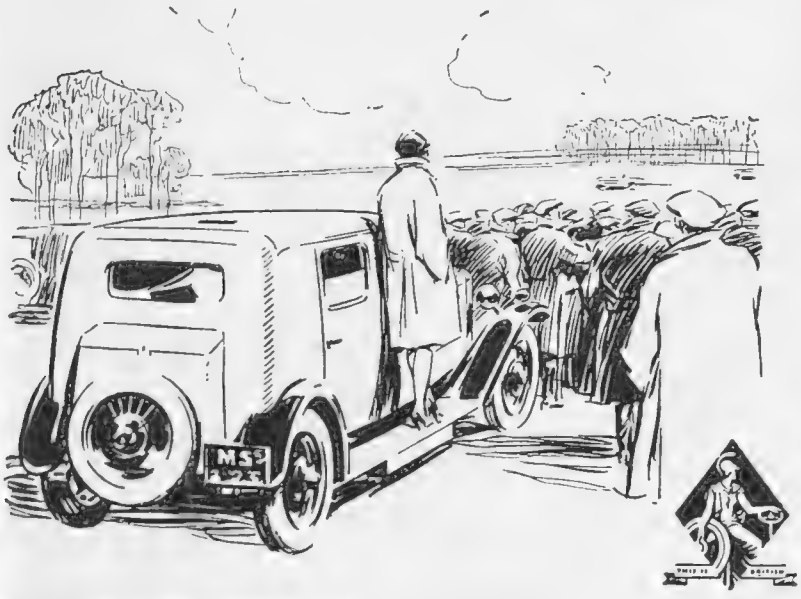
Your new Car should be a known quantity !



You may not desire high speed but you need ample power to meet every emergency.

You may not desire to average a mile a minute for six hours on end, but you need the reliability that makes such a performance possible.

You may not desire brakes, steering, springing and balance that allows you to approach a bend at sixty and negotiate it with ease, but you need the safety and ease of handling that enables your car to do just that.



Therefore you do need a RILEY NINE that demonstrated in the Six Hours' Endurance Race its ability to out-run and out-last other cars of similar size and rated power.

To obtain such things you must buy a RILEY NINE, and if its recognised worth makes immediately delivery impossible, remember, a little delay is better than a long period of ownership of the next best.

"MONACO" Saloon £298 *Dunlop Tyres Standard*

Riley

SPORTS Four-Seater £315 *Dunlop Tyres Standard*

RILEY (COVENTRY) LTD., COVENTRY
and 42, NORTH AUDLEY ST., LONDON, W.1

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BUY BRITISH
IF NOT
BUY FROM BRITAIN'S FRIENDS

GENUINE KUMMEL

is recognised as a product of Riga. Riga is the capital of Latvia. Latvia is and always has been a friend to Great Britain.

When you ask for Kummel—say

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THE
LANGHAM HOTEL
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(AT THE TOP OF REGENT STREET)

Most centrally situated in the heart of fashionable London yet secluded from the roar of traffic.
G.P.O. TELEPHONES IN ALL ROOMS
Additional Bathrooms and Suites have been recently completed. The Reception Rooms for Weddings, Dinners, Private Dances, and other Social Functions have been artistically redecorated

Booklet and Tariff on application.

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The Complexion
If your complexion is too pale, try "LAROLA ROSE BLOOM"—it's lovely, 1/- per box. "LAROLA TOILET POWDER" 2/6 per box.

A complexion which looks well under all circumstances of wind or weather is an asset both for the sake of appearance and comfort, but the complexion left entirely to soap and water can never achieve this. A reliable emollient is essential to protect even the most perfect skin.

larola

used regularly night and morning keeps the skin soft, smooth and white, and able to resist injury from changeable weather. **1/6 & 2/6 per bottle.**

From all Chemists and Stores, or direct from:—

M. BEETHAM & SON
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

¶ As distinctive & individual as the MODERN WOMAN HERSELF

THE NEW COMPACT DE LUXE 3/6 Refill 1/6 with Puff

Issued in the fashionable Shades: SUNBURN OCRE-ROSEE RACHEL NATURELLE

Rêve d'or
(Golden Dream)

The Fragrance that is different

L.T. PIVER PARIS

Perfume 7/6 10/6 15/6 per bottle

Face Powder per 2/6 box

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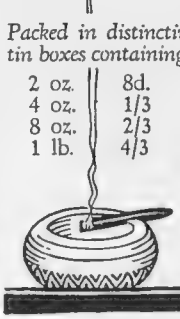

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Modern Jewel Craft

PRECIOUS stones, representing a total value of over a million pounds, played the premier part in a recent fashion parade, when it was demonstrated to a large Society gathering that beautiful jewellery is a thousand times more effective when it harmonises with beautiful clothes. A gown of shell-pink satin with an overdress of pale green muslin and gold lace bordering the long, filmy sleeves (aptly christened "Opal"), for instance, was completed by a wonderful necklace of opal, soft and fiery by turns as its wearer moved from light to shade, of which the largest opal in the world formed part. And soft white *satin beauté*, filmy tulle and gleaming silver *lamé* combined to form a frock that bore the name of "Pearl," and the mannequin whose happy duty it was to display this wore round her neck a £50,000 pearl necklace. Diamonds, exquisitely cut and set, in the form of tiaras, necklaces and brooches, testified on all-black and all-white toilettes to the allied skill and artistic sense of jewel craftsmen and dress designers; and in other cases rubies, sapphires and emeralds, rich and glowing, lent emphasis to colour schemes.

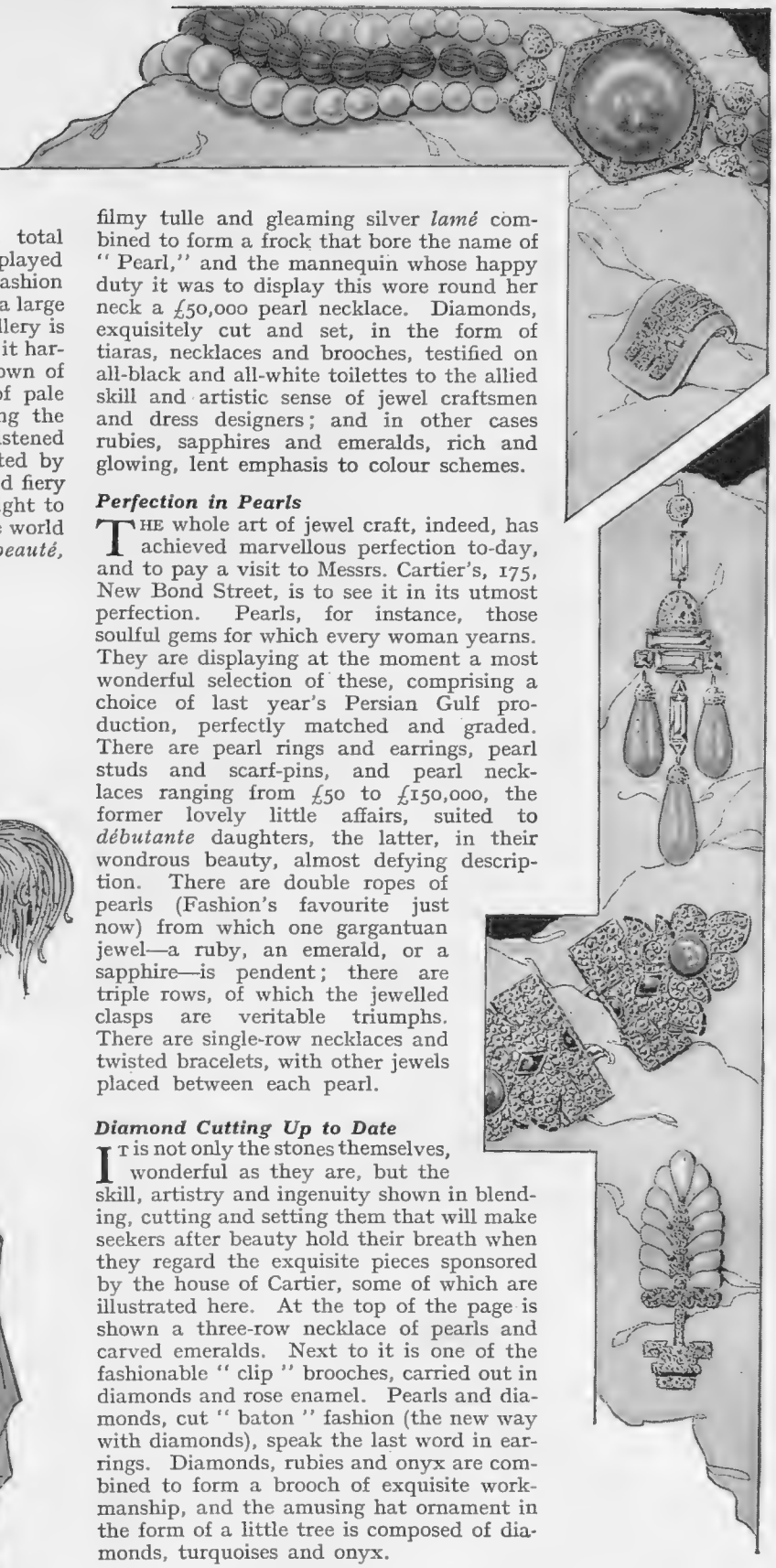
Speaking the last word in dance frocks! A model in black tulle from Jean-Philippe, 39, Conduit Street, W.

Perfection in Pearls

THE whole art of jewel craft, indeed, has achieved marvellous perfection to-day, and to pay a visit to Messrs. Cartier's, 175, New Bond Street, is to see it in its utmost perfection. Pearls, for instance, those soulful gems for which every woman yearns. They are displaying at the moment a most wonderful selection of these, comprising a choice of last year's Persian Gulf production, perfectly matched and graded. There are pearl rings and earrings, pearl studs and scarf-pins, and pearl necklaces ranging from £50 to £150,000, the former lovely little affairs, suited to *débutante* daughters, the latter, in their wondrous beauty, almost defying description. There are double ropes of pearls (Fashion's favourite just now) from which one gargantuan jewel—a ruby, an emerald, or a sapphire—is pendent; there are triple rows, of which the jewelled clasps are veritable triumphs. There are single-row necklaces and twisted bracelets, with other jewels placed between each pearl.

Diamond Cutting Up to Date

IT is not only the stones themselves, wonderful as they are, but the skill, artistry and ingenuity shown in blending, cutting and setting them that will make seekers after beauty hold their breath when they regard the exquisite pieces sponsored by the house of Cartier, some of which are illustrated here. At the top of the page is shown a three-row necklace of pearls and carved emeralds. Next to it is one of the fashionable "clip" brooches, carried out in diamonds and rose enamel. Pearls and diamonds, cut "baton" fashion (the new way with diamonds), speak the last word in earrings. Diamonds, rubies and onyx are combined to form a brooch of exquisite workmanship, and the amusing hat ornament in the form of a little tree is composed of diamonds, turquoises and onyx.



Some marvels of the jeweller's art to be seen at Messrs. Cartier, 175, New Bond Street, W., that include a necklace, earring, brooches and hat ornament

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Black Tulle in the Evening

JEAN-PHILIPPE, of 39, Conduit Street, W., who have been more than occupied during the "month of marriages" with wedding gowns and trousseaux, and also with Ascot orders, are now turning their attention to the frocks that Society—young and middle-aged—will wear during the late summer, when some months of gaiety have taken serious toll of the wardrobe. Jean-

Race and garden party toilettes, expressed in the Season's fashionable fabrics, georgette and lace. Sketched at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street and Regent Street

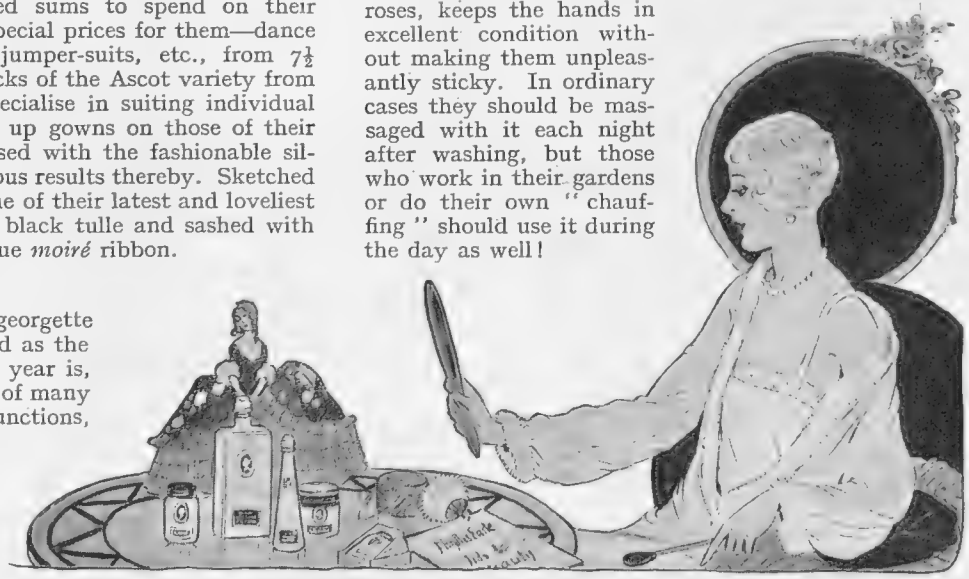
Philippe's is one of those discerning houses that takes into consideration the fact that the younger generations have not always unlimited sums to spend on their clothes, and makes very special prices for them—dance frocks from 9½ guineas, jumper-suits, etc., from 7½ guineas, and afternoon frocks of the Ascot variety from 14 guineas. They also specialise in suiting individual figures, and literally build up gowns on those of their *clientèle* who are not blessed with the fashionable silhouette, achieving marvellous results thereby. Sketched on the preceding page is one of their latest and loveliest models carried out in soft black tulle and sashed with black *ciré* and Madonna-blue *moiré* ribbon.

Georgette and Lace

ALL the world will wear georgette and lace at Ascot, and as the great dress pageant of the year is, after all, only a forerunner of many other important summer functions, every woman who aims at being well dressed should be specially interested in the two effective models sketched in the Model Gown Department of Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street and Regent Street. The left-hand one is carried out in beige, with topaz buckles that tone with the colour scheme (£16); and the one on the right with a jewelled *ceinture* and the front studded with matching beads, in lime-green (20 guineas). Quite lovely, too, are some newcomers in which printed muslin and taffeta in the same pattern and colouring are combined. And a most effective printed muslin model has a taffeta cape. Whilst in the Inexpensive Gown Department there are to be found some really lovely little frocks in the fashionable printed ninon, taffeta, etc., from 98*s.*, and washing silks from 59*s.* Large women should take note (and there are still some in existence!) that practically all sizes are stocked.

Aids to Beauty

HOW important they are!—especially in the summer, when sun and wind and sport take such toll of the complexion, but it is absolutely essential that they should be chosen with discrimination, for the use of preparations that contain impure ingredients or are not suited to individual skins undoubtedly does more harm than good. "Aids to Beauty," that come from the Phyllis Earle Salons, 32, Dover Street and 16, North Audley Street, can not only be thoroughly relied upon, but each has its own individual purpose, and expert advice is to hand to assist clients in their choice. Jasmin Day Cream (4*s.* 6*d.*), for instance, is for use during the day as a basis for powder; Milk Cleansing Cream (7*s.* 6*d.* and 12*s.* 6*d.*), cooling and refreshing, should be used in lieu of soap and water on delicate skins or after exposure out of doors. GenOvar Astringent Lotion (5*s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*) checks any tendency to excessive oiliness, closes enlarged pores, and generally refines the skin. Kemolite is a natural mud for mixing facial mud packs—the treatment from which so many beneficial results have been obtained. Then there is Phyllis Earle's Hand Jelly (2*s.*) that, delicately perfumed with violets or roses, keeps the hands in excellent condition without making them unpleasantly sticky. In ordinary cases they should be massaged with it each night after washing, but those who work in their gardens or do their own "chauffing" should use it during the day as well!



The woman who relies on aids to beauty from the Phyllis Earle Salons, 32, Dover Street, W., and 15, North Audley Street, W., need not fear for her complexion!

Sketches by Booda

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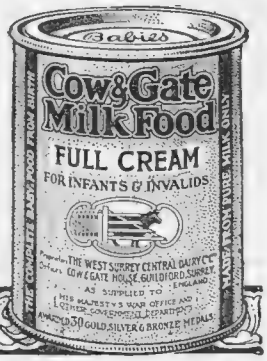

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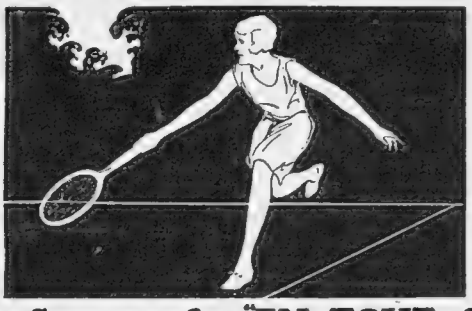

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A Holiday in Germany

Germany is a country which affords really excellent holiday facilities to everyone, no matter in what direction their tastes may turn. For those who want rest and quiet, or a restoration to health, there are many famous watering-places and spas from which to choose, whilst the man who is fond of mountaineering can easily reach such happy hunting grounds as the Bavarian Alps, the Harz Mountains, the Riesengebirge, the Black Forest, or Thuringia. Berlin, the capital, can hold its own with any European city in respect of pleasures and mundane life, whilst lovers of art and mediæval architecture will find joy in visiting such historic old towns as Munich, Dresden, Leipzig, Frankfurt and Nuremberg, and by trips through the wonderful Rhine Valley. The language difficulty is practically nil, for nearly everywhere hotel staffs know sufficient English to understand and meet the wishes of their British guests. The German Railways Information Bureau in London, 17B, Regent Street, W., will gladly assist intending travellers in every possible way. They keep at the disposal of the travelling public a large selection of very interesting booklets on all parts of Germany. These are sent post free to applicants and, surely, are a great help.

A "SPRING" SONG

Miss Anita Desmond, the talented young English Prima Donna, as she appears as Spring in the Royal Choral Society's operatic production of "Hiawatha" at the Royal Albert Hall. This enormous production is being presented until June 23

A Central European Spa

A large number of visitors are being attracted by the curative qualities of its mud baths to Piestany, the quaint little Czecho-Slovakian spa. In addition to the baths, visitors find that sporting facilities in the neighbourhood are very good, as there is excellent trout fishing and roebuck shooting to be had. Among English visitors who have been at Piestany lately are the Duke of Devonshire, with Lady Maud Baillie and Mr. Francis Thompson, and the Right Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Col. Lonsdale.

The Aldershot Tattoo

Owing to the unprecedented demand for tickets the Tattoo organisers have been unable to meet the requests of many who wish to witness this spectacle. As a result they have decided to open the full dress rehearsal on June 14 to the general public at approximately 75 per cent. of the ordinary prices. Tickets can be obtained from the usual agents, or from the Tattoo Office at Aldershot. Car parking and traffic arrangements will be exactly the same as for the Tattoo itself.

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Boarding terms for stay over one week.
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Some Beauty Secrets

By MIMOSA

My advice to smart women who demand the very best results is to leave most toilet preparations alone. When facial applications are necessary, get only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist himself. I will tell you in this column, from time to time, just what to get and how to use it. Do not be persuaded into buying some cheap toilet preparation. Any chemist can supply you with genuine concentrated ingredients, and I know personally that most firms make a speciality of selling original packages of all kinds of pure ingredients, both direct and by post. I can point out to you, however, many useful hints which involve no expense at all.

"Avoiding Rouge."—Yes, I agree with you that rouge is easily detected, but because of that you need not be without colour. It seems essential in a few cases like yours. There is a preparation called colliandum which blends so remarkably with the skin that its use cannot be detected. Of course, some skins require very little colour, and you must be careful to know your style.

"A Soap Hint."—Pilenta is a very good complexion soap that has been recommended to me by many who find its use delightful. It has a very soothing effect on the skin, and at the same time it is a good cleanser. I have not found as good a one, as yet.

"Rejuvenating the Skin."—You should not be discouraged because the face bleach you are using isn't effective; at certain seasons of the year all skins are more or less discoloured or freckled, and a face bleach is hardly adequate. A substance which I highly recommend is Mercolized Wax. It is a creamy product with wonderful absorptive properties, and in about ten days, if applied nightly, you will find that the old skin has almost imperceptibly entirely flaked off, and the fresh skin underneath is apparent. This method is harmless, and the results achieved are most beneficial to one's looks and to the skin itself. About an ounce will do.

"How to Shampoo."—Try pure stallax. I think you could get as small a quantity as two or three ounces. A remarkably good shampoo is made by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax in a cup of hot water. This cleanses the scalp well, and makes the hair very soft, glossy, and wavy.

"Run Down."—If you cannot sleep well, nerves just a trifle unsettled, remember the body is like a piano and needs to be kept tuned up to concert pitch. The ideal body tuner is Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets. They strengthen and invigorate the whole system, and give instant relief from that "tired out," "done up" feeling.

"Removing Unsightly Hair."—Sipolite is the most practical thing with which to remove the superfluous hair. Get about half an ounce from the chemist and mix a little into a paste with a few drops of water. Apply it directly to the surface affected, and the hair will wilt so that it can be rubbed off in two or three minutes, leaving no trace. Half an ounce will last quite a long time.

"Stoutness Overcome."—Since the advent of Clynol Berries it is now possible to eat almost anything without fear of it forming into adipose tissue. Clynol Berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which is usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. Chemists keep them.

"Grey Hair."—To restore the colour of grey or fading hair, take one ounce of concentrated tammalite, and mix it with four ounces of bay rum. Apply to the hair for several nights, using a small sponge, and the hair will gradually resume its original colour. When the desired shade has been obtained, the tammalite lotion should be used about twice a week. Apply it to the roots with an old tooth brush.

"Large Pores and Blackheads."—This is the formula: Obtain a few stymol tablets from the chemist's and dissolve one in a cup of hot water; after the effervescence has subsided dab the face, using a small sponge. The result is quite startling. This is an excellent astringent. Used every day, will close the enlarged pores and prevent wrinkles.

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The MENU

SOME GOOSEBERRY DISHES

Gooseberry Mould.
Gooseberry Trifle.
Gooseberry Cake.
Gooseberry Ice.
Gooseberry Junket.

Gooseberry Mould

Pick a pint of gooseberries and stew them until soft with 2 oz. of granulated sugar. Soak ½ oz. of leaf gelatine in a little milk, bring half a pint of milk to the boil, pour it over the gelatine, and, when this is completely dissolved, add it to the gooseberries, stir well together, and pour into a wetted mould. Leave until next day and turn out. Serve with a rich custard or whipped cream.

Gooseberry Trifle

Cover the bottom of a glass dish with some sliced sponge cakes, pour some sherry over them, and leave them to soak. Meanwhile, stew some gooseberries with sugar to taste, rub them through a sieve when soft, and mix a little cream with them; put into the dish with the sponge cakes, and pour a thick custard over. A little whipped cream on the top can be added if desired.

Gooseberry Cake

Stew about 2 lb. of gooseberries with ½ lb. of granulated sugar. Slice up four penny sponge cakes, and line a pudding-basin, making them fit as well as possible. Now put a layer of fruit at the bottom, and the remainder of the cakes alternately with the fruit. Cover with a saucer, put a weight on the top, and leave till next day. Turn out in a dish. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and mix with it two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar. Spread it thickly over the cake, dust it with sugar, and bake in a cool oven just long enough to set the meringue.

Gooseberry Ice

Pick a quart of gooseberries, and stew them with very little water and 2 oz. of white sugar. When soft pass through a sieve, and let the purée get cold; reduce it to a nice consistency with whipped cream or a thick custard, colour with a few drops of vegetable green colouring, and set on ice.

Gooseberry Junket

Stew ½ lb. of green gooseberries till soft, and add 1 oz. of castor sugar. Then whisk the whites of two eggs until they are a stiff froth, and mix them with the gooseberries. Make a junket in the ordinary way (a good dessertspoonful of rennet to a quart of new milk) and, when it is firmly set, cover with a gooseberry purée.

Emilia.

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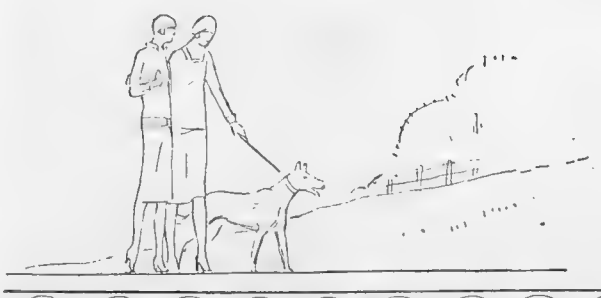

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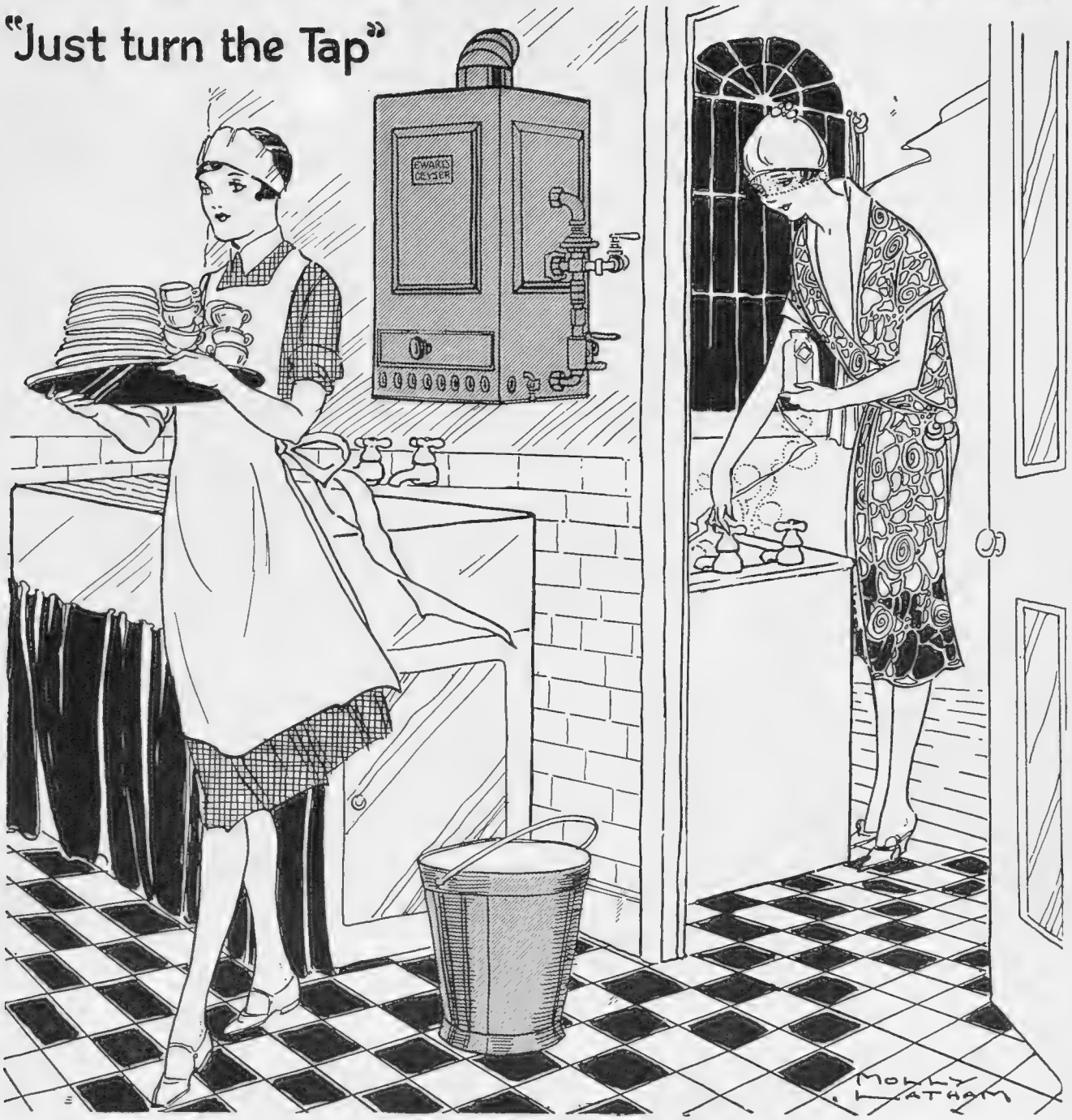

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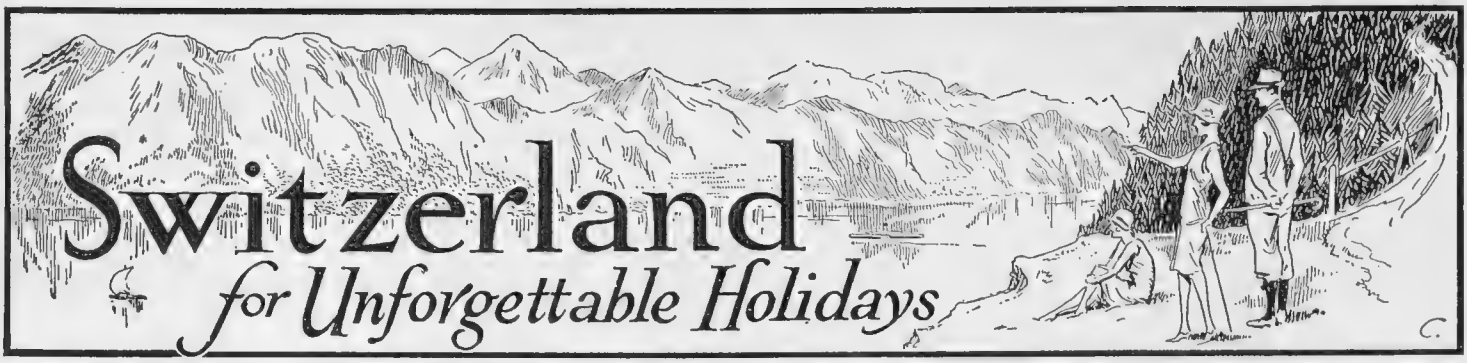

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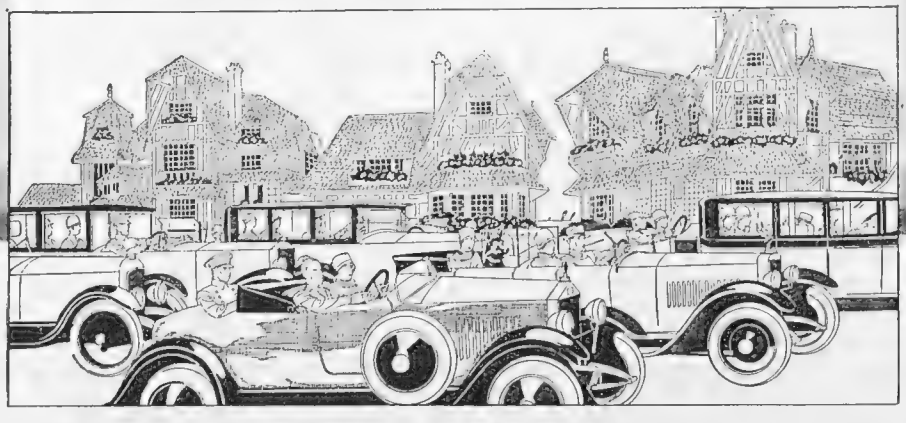

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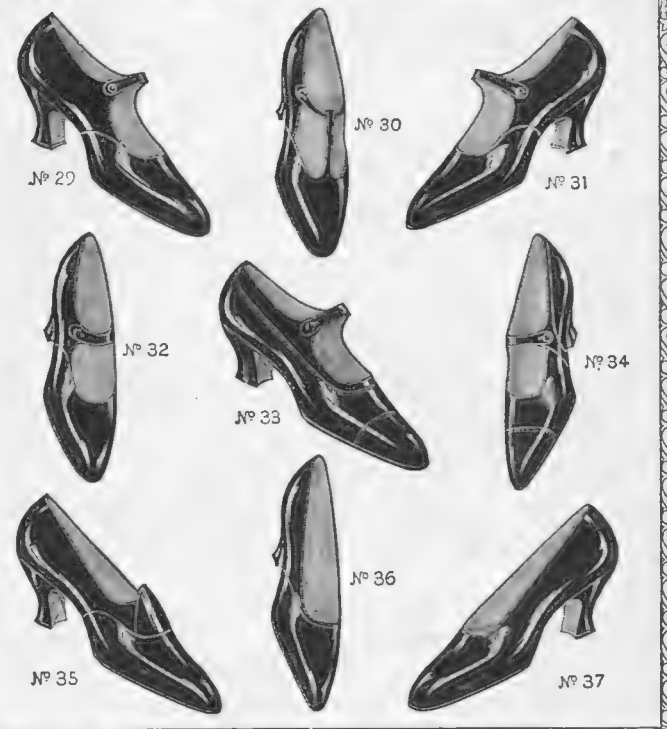

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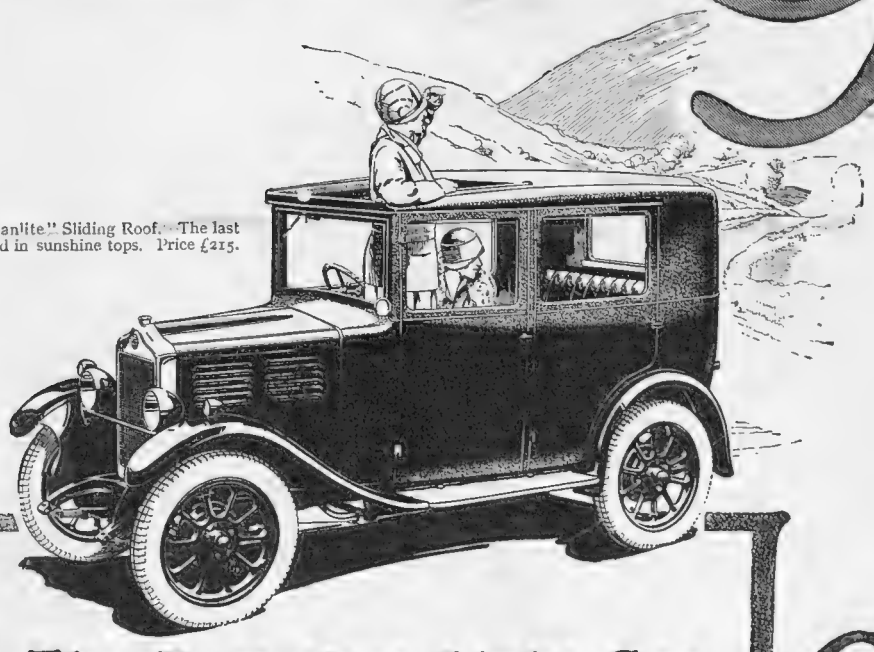

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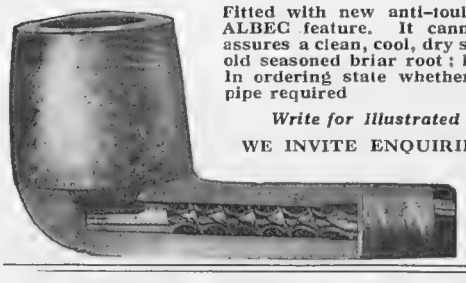

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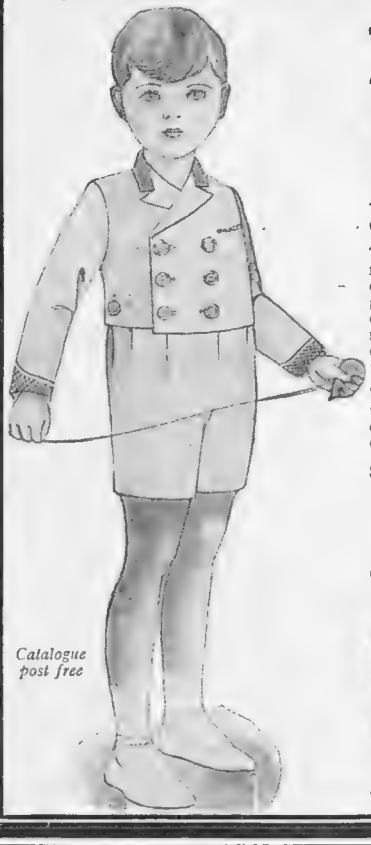

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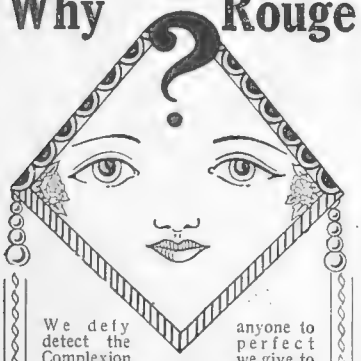

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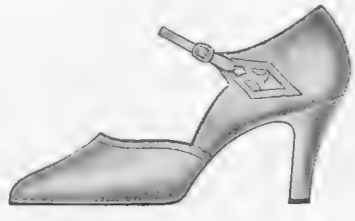

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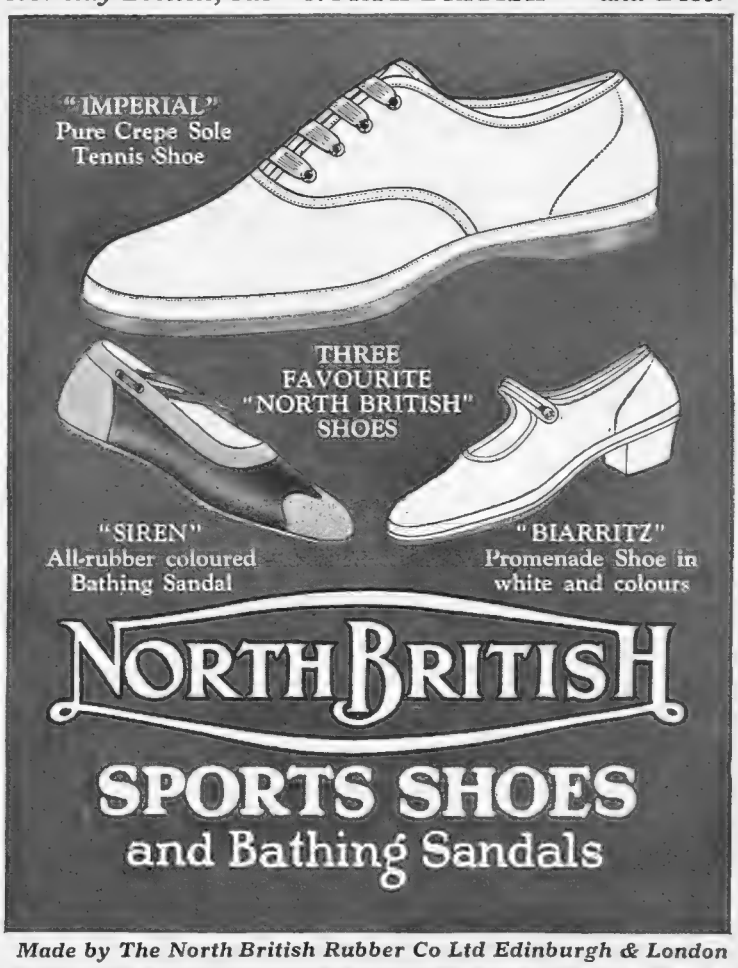

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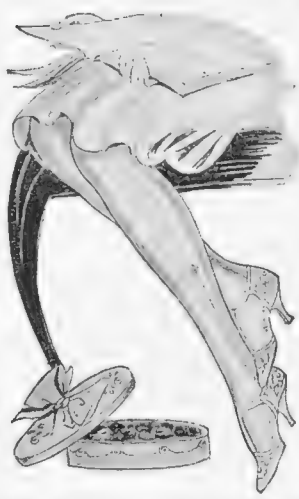

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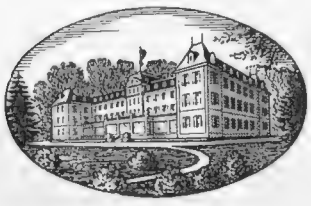

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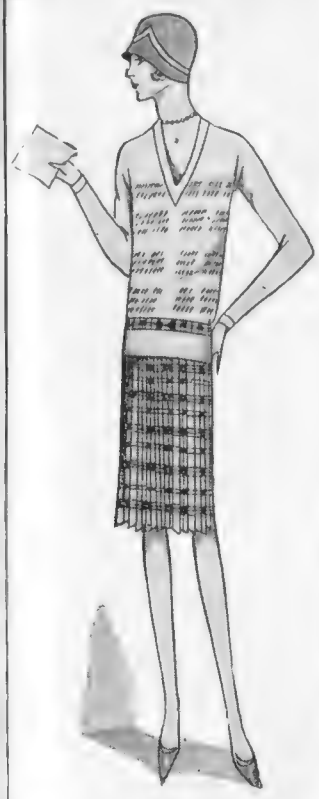

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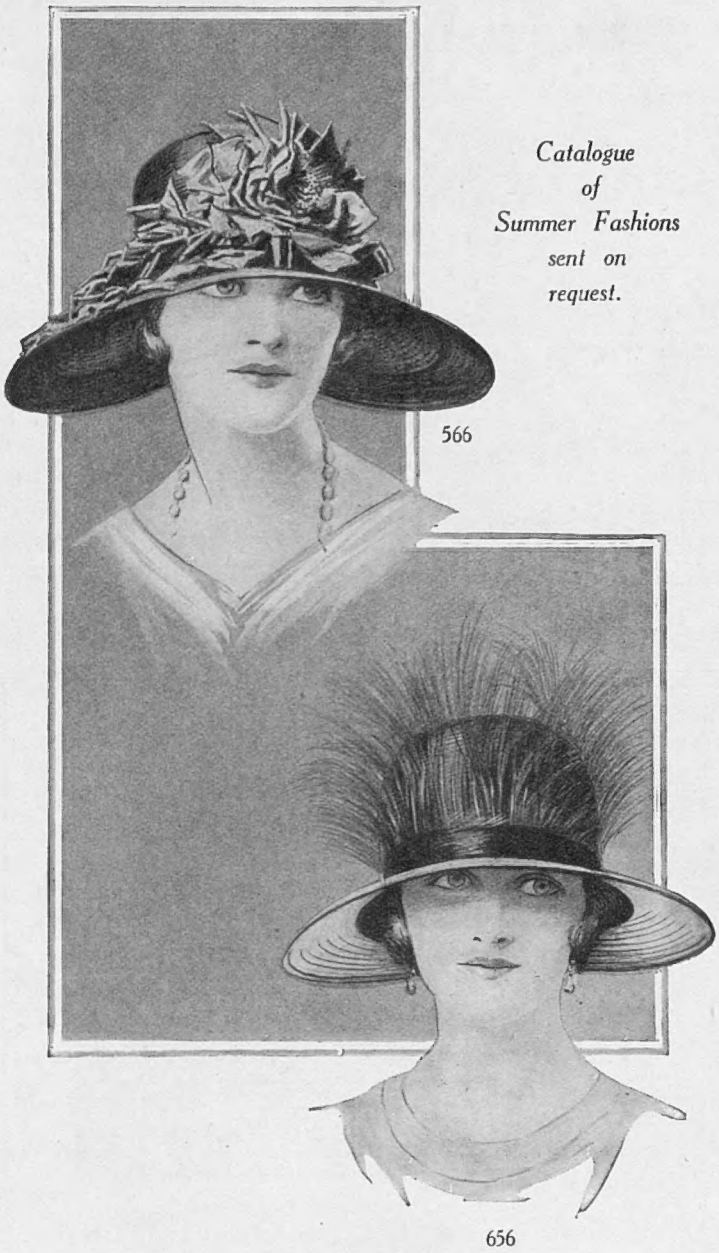

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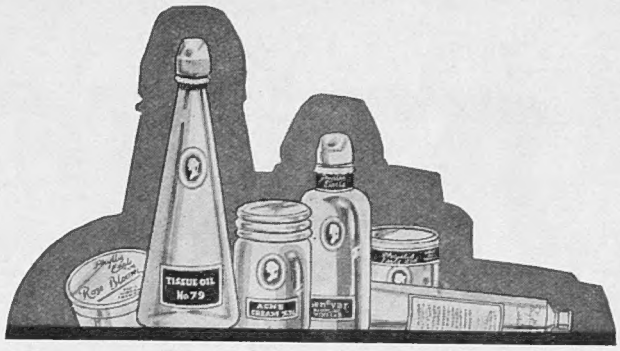

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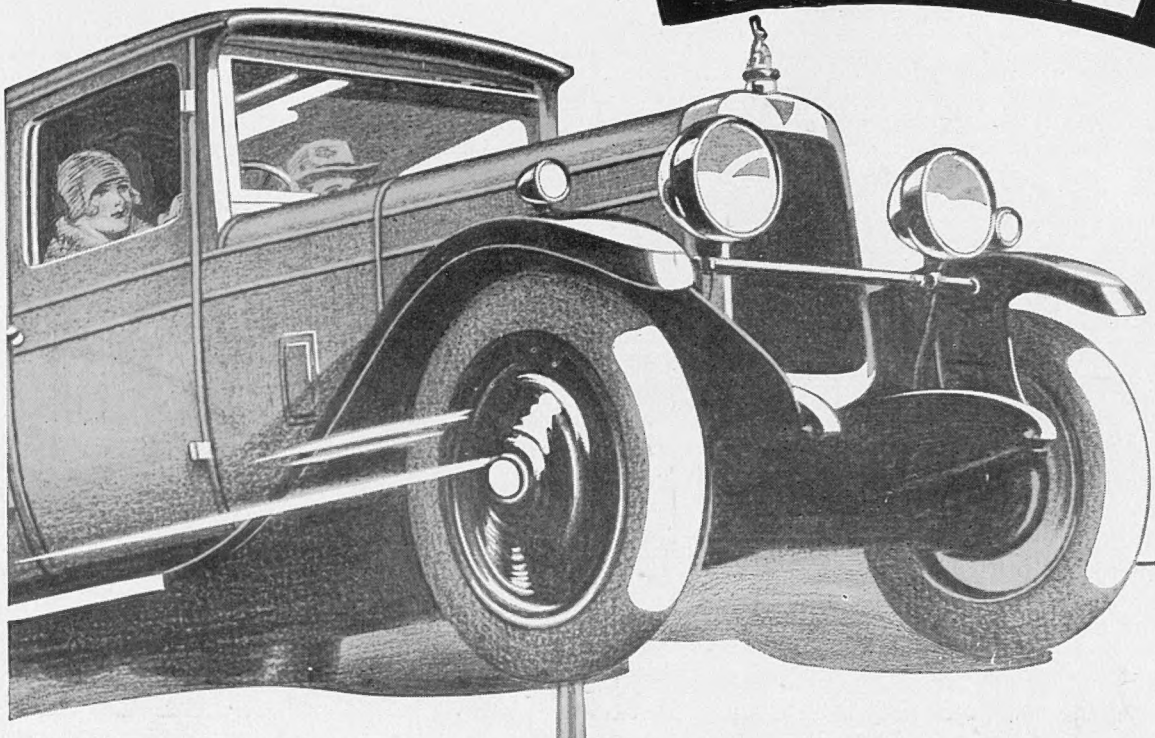

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Sir Edward : "Good morning, Stuart. Lord Fewar asked me to see you. You recollect earlier in the week having a slight misunderstanding with him over a 'phoned bet?"

Duggie : "Quite well, Sir Edward. His Lordship claimed to have telephoned me '£100 on HALF CORONA,' which I could not trace having received. Although I never solved the mystery, I had no hesitation in accepting Lord Fewar's word, and as the horse won at 7/1, I sent him my cheque for £700."

Sir Edward : "Ha, now comes the sequel! His Lordship wishes to tender you his sincere apologies and to return you your cheque."

Duggie : "But why?"

Sir Edward : "It appears the telephoning of the message was left to his new butler, who knows nothing of racing, but a great deal about cigars, and seeing the word 'Corona,' rang up Harrods and ordered a hundred."

Duggie : "Extraordinary, and how did Lord Fewar get to the bottom of it?"

Sir Edward : "Why, *he never smokes cigars*, and when they arrived there was no difficulty in tracing the whole thing. Anyhow, it reflects great credit upon you, and I must say his Lordship is most *enthusiastic* over the way you treated him."

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